

Day of the Zoo

RICARDO CRUZ

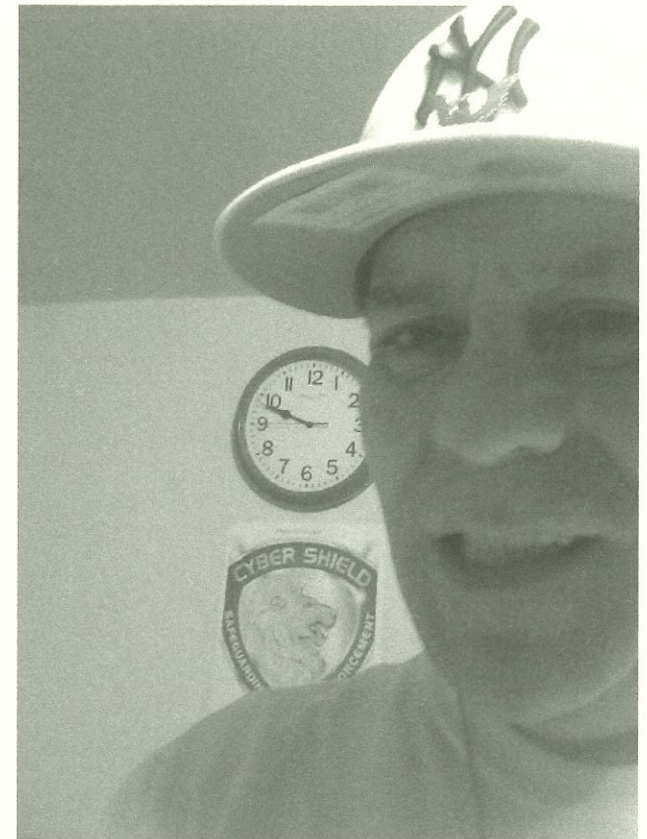
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From: Commanding Officer, USN DEMET (DD-100)
 To: SIX Kilo-class SSBN, USN, 047-50-0000
 Subject: Letter of Appreciation

1. I wish to take this opportunity to express my appreciation and to commend you for your outstanding performance throughout DEMET's Mediterranean deployment.

2. During the period 27 January 1992 through 13 July 1992, you were tasked to operate with units of the Sixth Fleet in a rigorous series of exercises and contingency operations throughout the Mediterranean Sea. These operations demanded the highest state of readiness, not only of your equipment but also yourself. It was solely due to your willingness to work eighteen to twenty hour days and seven day weeks, that we were able to accomplish our mission. Your efforts were not gone unnoticed, and our superiors have officially recognized your outstanding achievements.

3. It is only through such superb, unselfish, untiring effort and diligence that the Navy and this command are able to meet the demanding commitments. In an environment of high pressure and workloads, you consistently demonstrated a "can-do" attitude, aggressively approached each new task. Again, I wish to express my appreciation for a job extremely well done.


[Signature]
 D. L. MCKENNA
 Captain, U.S. Navy


 THE WHITE HOUSE
 WASHINGTON

Thank you for writing with your thoughts and concerns. I apologize for the delay in responding, but the volume of mail I've received has been overwhelming.

I am honored by the outpouring of support and interest in my programs and challenged by the many pieces of constructive criticism received. While I haven't been able to respond to every issue raised, your ideas and opinions mean a great deal to me. I welcome the opportunity to hear from you again.

Bill Clinton


 THE WHITE HOUSE
 WASHINGTON

Thank you so much for your kind gift. I appreciate your thoughtfulness and generosity. You have my best wishes.

Bill Clinton

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

July 2, 2012

Mr. Ricardo Cruz
Apartment B
1050 Northampton Street
Easton, Pennsylvania 18042

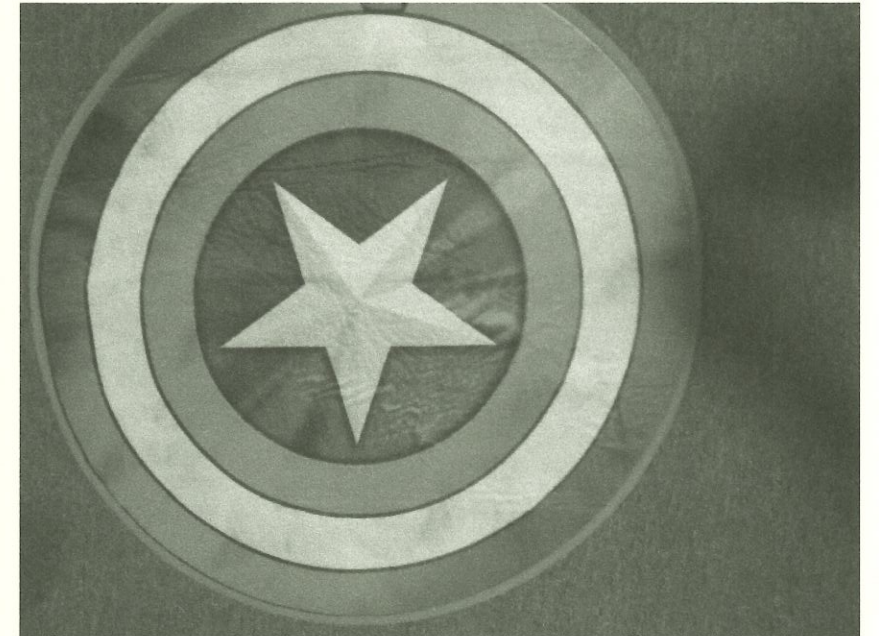
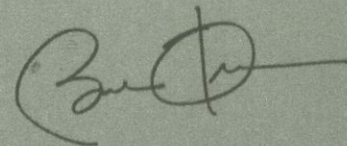
Dear Ricardo:

I want to thank you for your message and for holding me in your prayers. My family and I are honored that so many Americans have supported us in this special way.

Our country faces enormous challenges, but each day I am uplifted by the enduring spirit of the American people. I know that we will meet these challenges if our optimism and hope are met with the necessary will and hard work.

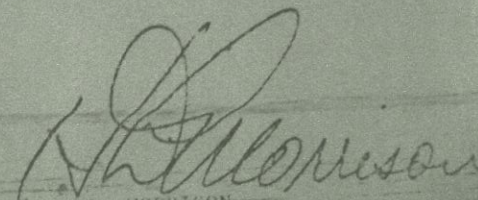
We understand that "the strength to go on produces character. Character produces hope. And hope will never let us down," (Romans 5: 4-5). In these times of trial and opportunity, I deeply appreciate your prayers for this country, my family, and me. May God bless you.

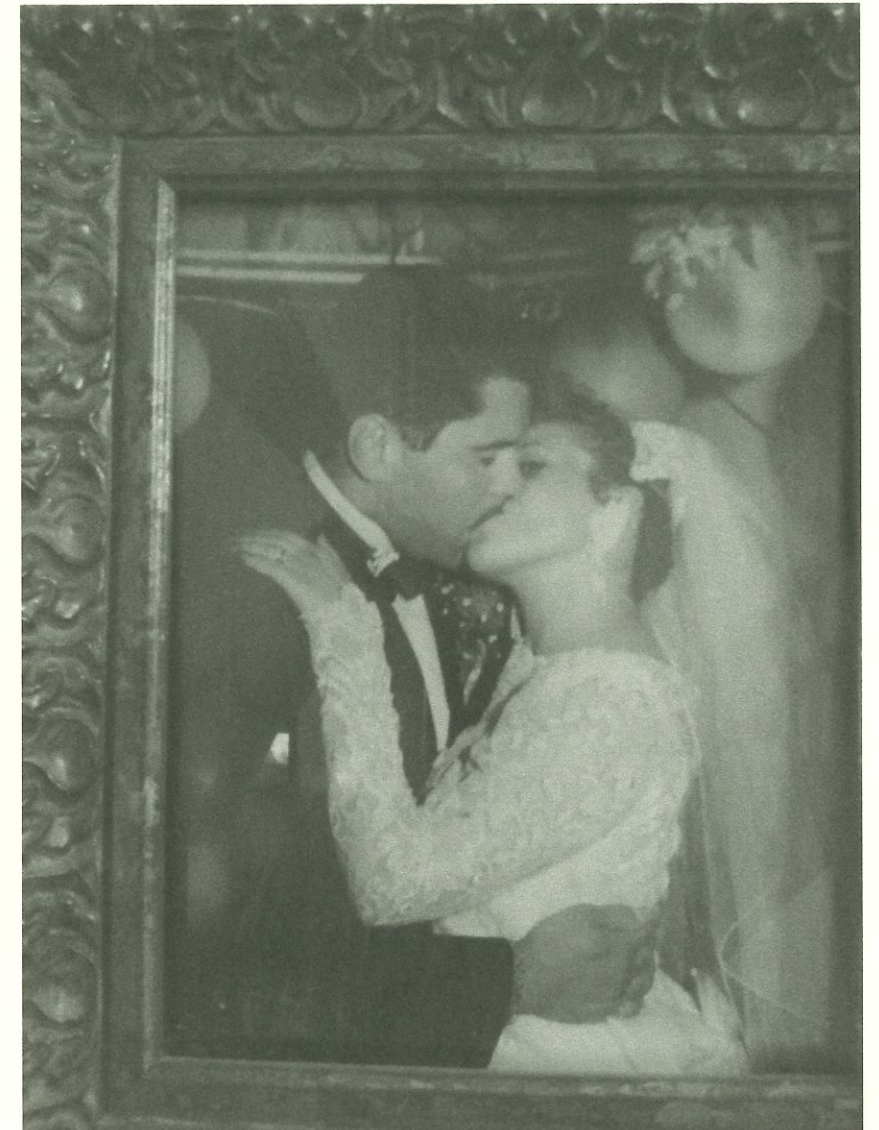
Sincerely,



From: Commanding Officer, USS DEWEY (DDG 45)
To: BTJ Ricardo CRUZ, USN, 077-56-9289
Subj: Letter of Appreciation

1. I wish to take this opportunity to extend to you my sincere appreciation and to commend you for your outstanding performance throughout DEWEY'S Mediterranean Deployment.
2. During the period 27 January 1982 through 14 July 1982 DEWEY was tasked to operate with units of the SIXTH FLEET in a rigorous series of exercises and contingency operations throughout the Mediterranean Sea. These operations demanded the highest state of readiness, not only of your equipment but also yourself. It was solely due to your willingness to work eighteen to twenty hour days and seven day work weeks, that we were able to accomplish our mission. Your efforts have not gone unnoticed, and our superiors have officially recognized your outstanding achievements.
3. It is only through such superb, untiring effort and personal diligence that the Navy and this command are able to meet its demanding commitments. In an environment of high pressure and heavy workloads, you consistently demonstrated a "can do" spirit and aggressively approached each new task. Again, I wish to extend to you my appreciation for a job extremely well done.


H. L. MORRISON
Captain, U.S. Navy

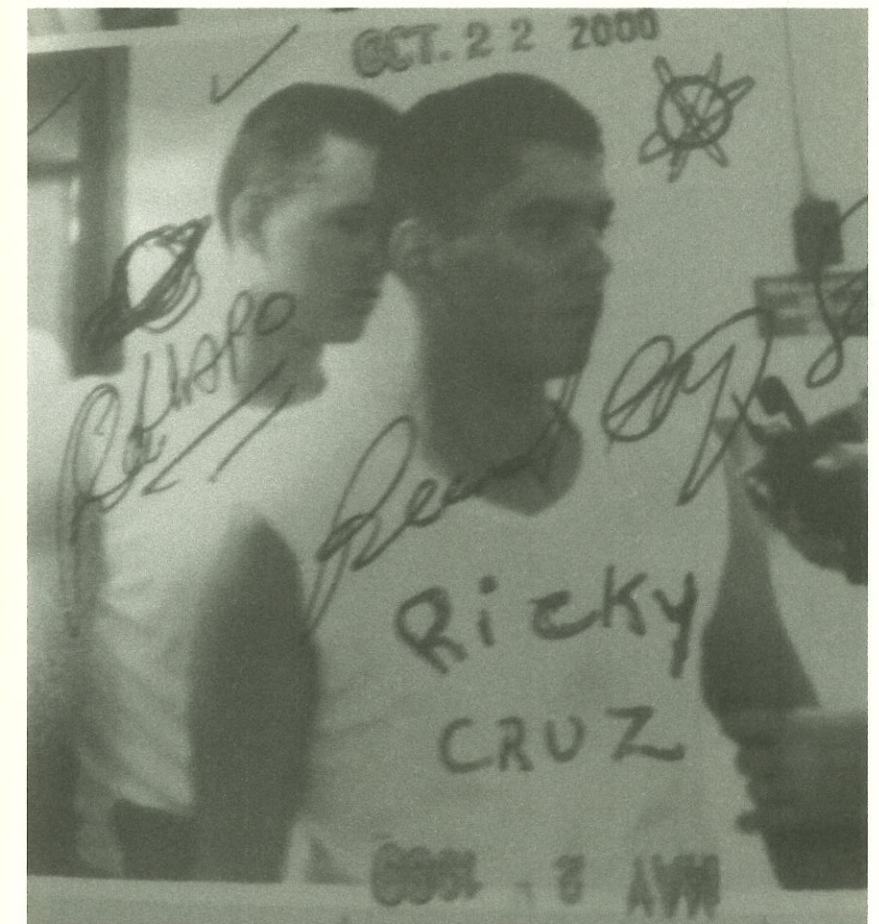
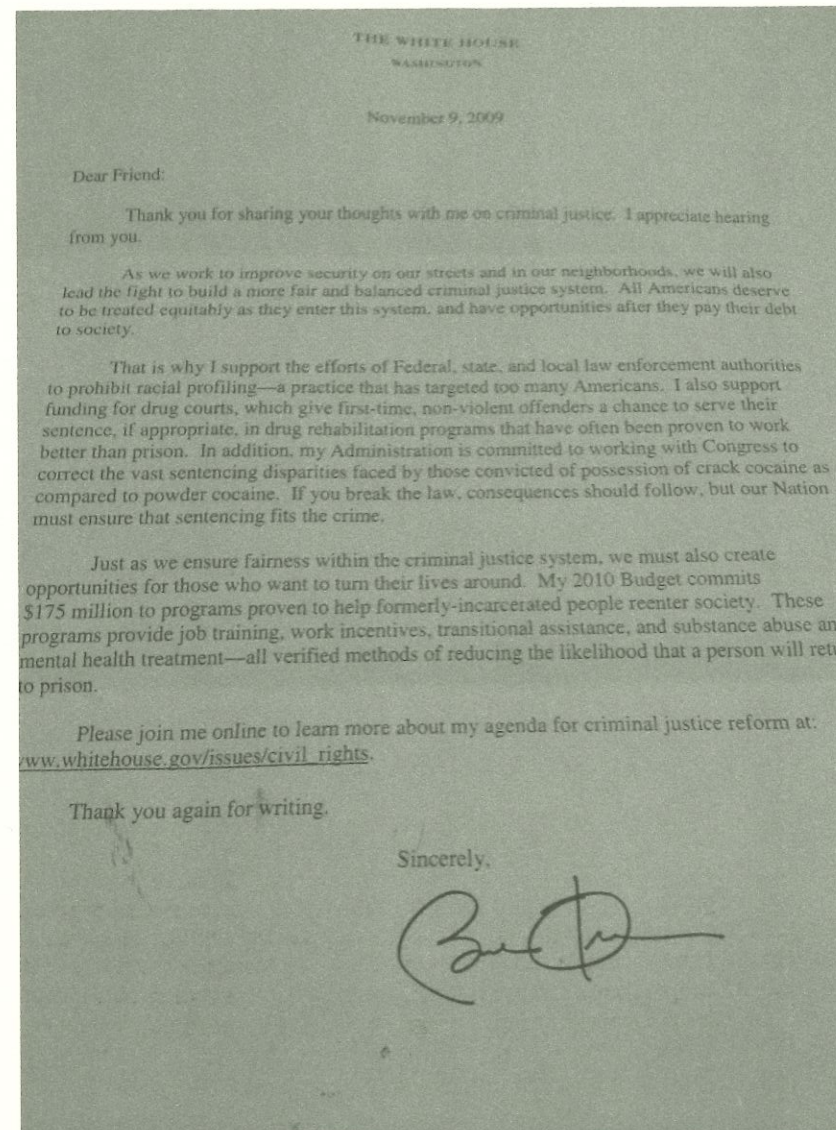


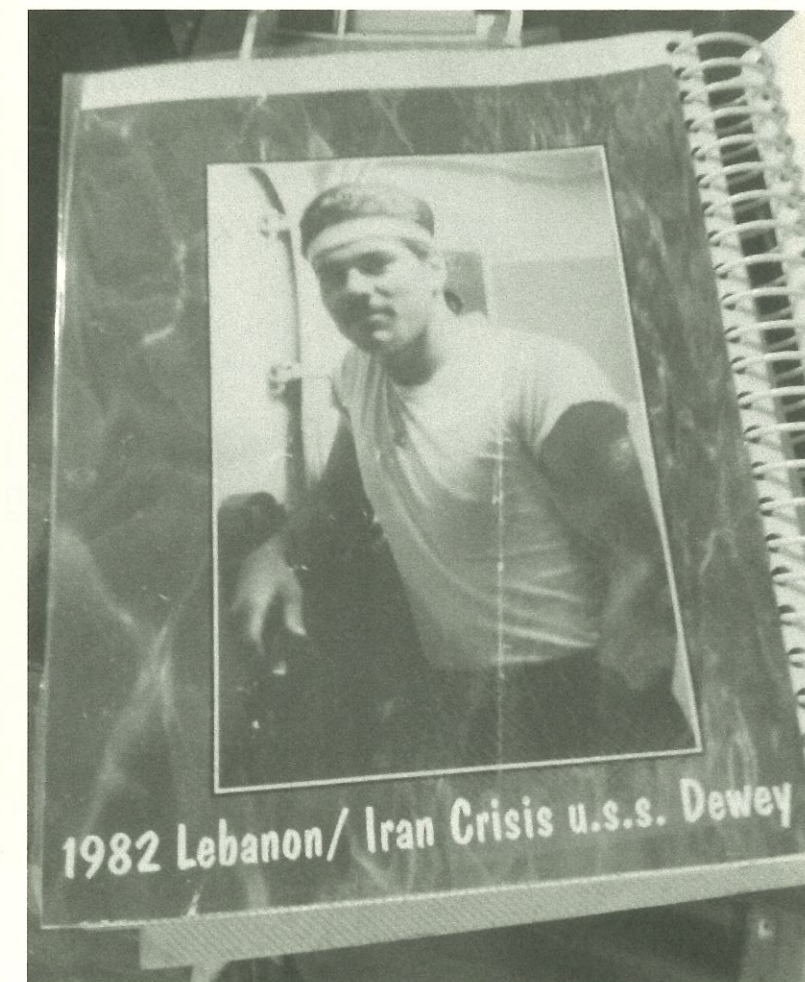
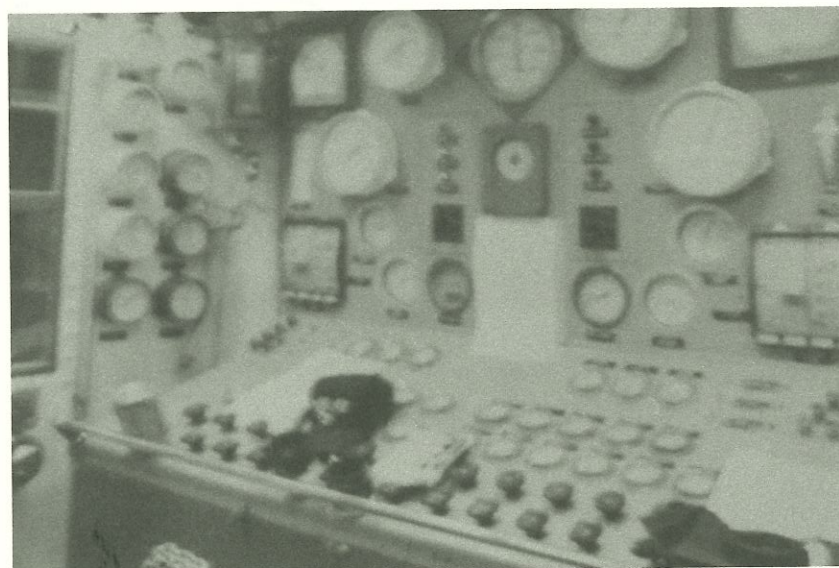


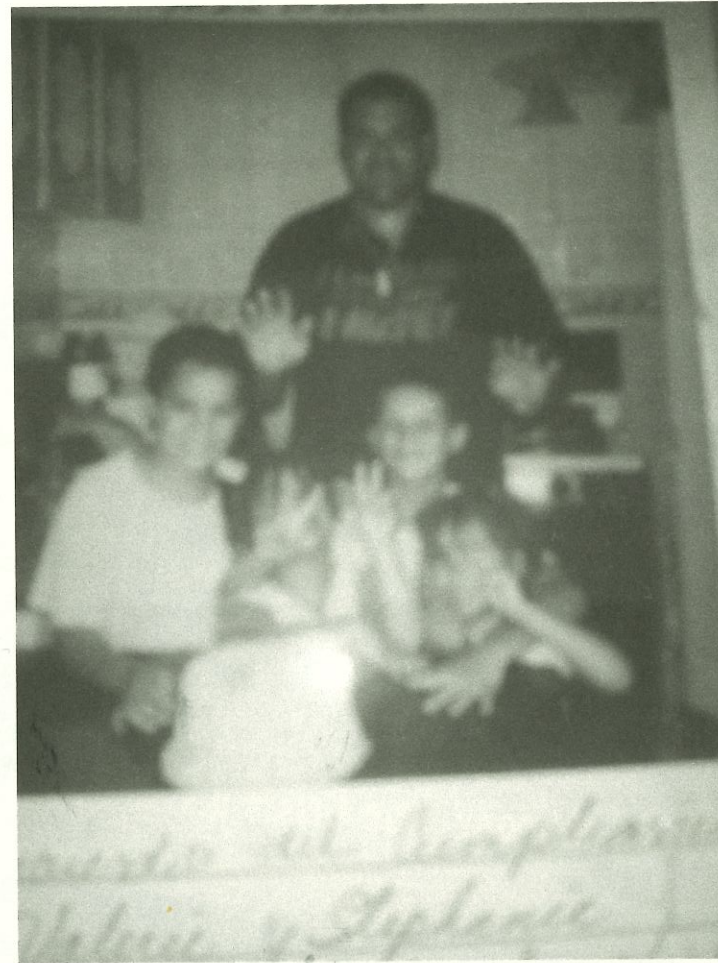
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SIGNATURE <i>Ricardo Cruz</i>		AUTHORIZED PATRONAGE EXCHANGE COMMISSARY
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It was the 1970s. Disco music was on the radio, bell-bottoms and marshmallow shoes were the style, and karate flicks were the main attraction in the Bronx. American pastime? Baseball was for those who could afford it, and for the rest of us was "stickball" using someone's mother's broom or mop as a bat. Most joined gangs to protect their turf while others got into church not to get hurt. Welfare and food stamps were the pride of the household, for unemployment and oppression were the factors. Corruption and the police were all the same; that's why nobody ever bothered to call them. Street justice was the name of the game, featuring corporal punishment. For one group of guys, it was always a day at the zoo.

Nine friends—Edward, Francisco, Issy, George, Bond, Chaps, Rock, Roy, and Frank—always stuck together like glue. Daily they would climb the zoo gates, climb trees, run around the outer parts of the zoo, and/or play hide-and-seek at daytime. At night hours, they would climb the zoo gates, go bother the animals, and steal birds' eggs to throw at the night watchman who would always chase them out of the zoo. At times the group would terrorize the people who visited the zoo by throwing firecrackers and smoke bombs inside dark buildings containing bats and snakes; real pranksters, this group of guys. The funny part about this is that nobody ever got caught, nor did the police have a clue who the pranksters were because they always got away. They knew the zoo like the back of their hands.

RICARDO CRUZ

One evening, under an old tree in the zoo, the nine friends took an oath to become blood brothers, friends to the end. They each pricked their thumbs with a needle and stuck them all together. Then they all carved their names on the old tree as a symbol of friendship. They all agreed to meet at this location in thirty years or so for a master plan. With an overseas war going on, nobody really knew the future, so friendship was the only thing to hold on to.

Four years went by, and the two oldest of the group—Chaps and Bond—were drafted into the war. The seven members left—Edward, Francisco, Issy, George, Rock, Roy, and Frank found themselves unemployed; they were school dropouts with no way out of the ghetto.

One evening, Francisco, decided to take charge of the group and had them meet in the South Bronx. He discussed the topic of selling drugs and taking numbers to make a living for their mothers and girlfriends. They all agreed in this money-making plan and decided to call themselves the Sevens Gang. They all started by pitching drugs to local drug dealers to build up collateral and respect on the streets of the South Bronx. Meanwhile, Chaps and Bond were fighting for respect in the streets of Saigon. Both battles were one and the same—a survival of the fittest—while the Bronx was burning to the ground.

Ten years went by, and the Sevens Gang ruled part of the South Bronx. One member, Issy, ran the numbers of the Southern Boulevard, paying off corrupt cops and politicians to keep them in place. George and Rock opened up an illegal betting casino on East Tremont with poker machines, crap tables, roulette tables, etc., also with cops on the pad. From the goodness of his heart, Francisco set up a nickel bag coke operation on East 180th Street for those who couldn't afford coke and had police rookies turning over their shields for the stuff. Edward, Frank, and Roy decided to cook and sell crack, a new wave of drugs. Edward decided to take a course in banking in the day and cook crack at midnight hours to learn how to finance money resources. Meanwhile, the whereabouts of Chaps and Bond were unknown. Rumors were that they went AWOL.

DAY OF THE ZOO

The money poured in like a flowing river. Cops began buying lakefront properties in Buffalo, New York, the Catskills, etc. Moving their families away from urban minority areas with corrupt monetary benefits. The police played Monopoly with the minorities daily with no “get out of jail free” card. All of a sudden, the Bronx cops didn't want to live in New York City anymore. They all started moving. The mob was left to keep order in the streets—street justice again. Rap music was beginning to catch the wave. The money being made was taking up much space in the apartment. Already there were two rooms packed ceiling high and wall to wall with tens, twenties, and five-dollar bills. It was probably about two millions dollars or so, something none of the seven knew how to handle yet. Francisco was in charge and knew he couldn't go to the bank with the cash, so he decided to buy many cars at an auction and make them New York livery cabs. They all agreed to also rent a garage to service the motor vehicles. Soon the cash flow began to circulate there by exchanging the old bills for new ones, laundering the money using legitimate businesses. Francisco talked the gang into opening up a supermarket on East Tremont to supersize the laundering operations. Bodegas were already being taken over by other ethnic groups, so the gang didn't bother with old times. Instead the gang began to invest in land. They began to buy land in Puerto Rico, a commonwealth of the United States. They knew the IRS wouldn't come looking for anything there. They also began getting mega land in the Dominican Republic for future withdrawal of liquid cash assess.

It was now 1985, and rap was at full swing with the movement. Everything that happened in the streets was rapped on the radio—shooting everywhere, drive-by shootings, all-out street wars. Drugs were in demand, especially crack. Edward was now working as a banker and helped with laundering the finances. They dropped the gang name to avoid turf wars. Finally, after all these years, Bond showed up alive and well. He claimed that Chaps was missing in action and that he was taken as a prisoner of war. Bond seemed to have been missing in action himself. He was broke and had no food or family. He reminded the guys of the friendship oath taken in blood at the zoo and cried. Francisco, Edward, Issy, George, Roy,

RICARDO CRUZ

Rock, and Frank circled around Bond and hugged him and said, "Now we are the Eight Balls Club," being they never brought kilos of coke, only in eight balls at a time. This way, the drug enforcement agency wouldn't come after them. "Kilos are for suckers!" the gang exclaimed. They immediately took Bond to get cleaned up and live with them. Edward even opened up a bank account in his name. The club now vowed to secrets and dress codes: keep it plain and stupid; only wear tee-shirts, jeans, and sneakers and not too much gold—a standard street guy, not a mobster wearing a two-thousand-dollars suit. This would make the FBI notice everything. The number one rule of all was, "Say no to drugs"—another secret.

It was now three years later, 1988. The Eight Ball Club was in full swing. They had drug runners, drug peddlers, bolita numbers runners, Puerto Rican lottery runners, etc.—all sorts of workers except killers because "thou shall not kill." Besides, it's bad for business. Meanwhile, the mob was busy blowing one another's brains out in Brooklyn. Gangster rap lives on and on until the break of dawn, so they say. At the White House, the president caught wind of the new don, the mob killings, cop killing records, etc. and put his foot down. All of a sudden, laws were passed in Capitol Hill to change what was going on in America, and the Eight Ball Club, without a worry in the world, continued their operations. Meanwhile, the FBI went after the Bronx mob for the next four years.

Business began to boom at East 180th Street. People came from across the George Washington Bridge to buy bundles of drugs—coke, dope, crack, etc. It was twenty-four hours of nonstop sales. All you could see were New Jersey plates, Pennsylvania plates, Delaware plates, and even Boston plates all driving down the South Bronx. They sure didn't come to sightsee or visit the first African American mayor. Many drug dealers had to fly to their native lands and dig holes in their land to hide millions while the Feds battled it out with the mob. The Drug Enforcement Administration took notice and went after the Colombian cartel full force. Drug seizure laws were placed in effect for seizure of all properties—land, homes, cars, boats, money, jewelry, etc.—anything that was purchased with drug money. Harsher punishment was doled out for those caught selling or buy-

DAY OF THE ZOO

ing drugs. The Eight Ball Club now began to worry and needed to hide their money. Bond learned in the war that the enemies dug tunnels to hide weapons, POW, etc., so he suggested to hide the money nearby. They picked the perfect spot: the old tree at the zoo. Francisco told Bond that they would get together at nightfall with the needed equipment to build a small tunnel in the enclosed wooded area. Francisco took charge of the accounts and told Edward to close out most business accounts for a total of half a million dollars. They all went and hid the money along with the weapons as suggested by Bond, a real trooper. Bond was back in the day. They cleverly wired a street lamp to supply electrical power to their manhole (or foxhole, as Bond would state it). They vowed to protect the money daily by taking turns going to the zoo as visitors for a change.

It was now 1990. The Bronx was in an all-out war for the drug spots. Every drug dealer was shooting other dealers to take over their turf and earnings. "No pain, no gain," was the street saying. Best friends shooting best friends for the taking, brothers setting up brothers for the taking—anything goes in this drug war. Many began sticking up drug spots for the illegal money. Besides, they couldn't call the cops. Many began sticking up numbers spots, and many people began to rob their mothers, fathers, sisters, or brothers all for the hit of crack. Weapons of choice were the 9mm, MAC-10, or AK-47. Just to go to the store was a mission. The Bronx was a complete battleground filled with army-issued weapons, green boxes and all. Bond figured it was army guys on crack selling or trading the US government's weapons for drugs.

Many said they came from the rednecks down I-95, south of the border. Even hand grenades were available if you needed them. The local police were outgunned in the Bronx. They were no match for what was coming, so they just left everything alone, picked up their share, and went home to upstate New York every night. That was no problem; they didn't live in the inner city. Francisco decided to drop the gang name, Eight Ball Club, for the heat was on. They no longer wanted any kind of gang-related name and lay low. They hardly ever came out at daytime and spent most of the day sleeping.

RICARDO CRUZ

They again started storing money in rooms of the apartment since the FBI paid a visit to Edward at the bank. Many drug lords were either being shot or made men by the FBI. The gang immediately cut out Edward. It was too much of a risk; he was a made man. The FBI finally caught up with Edward's money laundering operations and the business behind it all. There was no escape. The US government seized all the businesses and money, shutting down this entire operation. Edward, as a true friend, took all the blame, pleaded guilty to a lesser charge, and gave the locations of all lands purchased in Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic in return for his reduced sentence. The US government seized the lands and placed them up for auction. Edward received five years in federal penitentiary on racketeering charges. Issy kept running numbers for income being that the cops were after drug dealers. Someone tipped off the police on George and Rock's illegal casino on Tremont, and the police trashed the place, making over two dozen arrests. Lucky enough, George and Rock slipped out the back door. The investigation brought on the gaming commission to investigate other such locations in the Bronx. Francisco's nickel bag operation went down the tubes. The building burned down, and the city seized its property. Meanwhile, the cabbies who worked for Francisco stole all the cabs with the title documents and everything and moved to Brooklyn. The shop was empty. Being the cars were purchased with drug money, Francisco couldn't report them stolen. Slick move on part of the cab drivers. Afterward, the shop was raided by police on a drug sales tip. Police found nothing, and Francisco immediately closed the shop. All the gang had left was the crack spot with Frank and Roy running the show and Issy running numbers. The guys knew the end was coming because the law was changing and people vowed to take back the streets.

It was the year 1992. A man who played the saxophone was the president, and America took notice of this great man. The drug dealers laughed at the idea of this man stopping crime in America. It was no joke; this was the man who gave back the streets to the people. "We the people," that is. Gun laws changed, and this brought the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms, and Explosives (ATF) US government agency into the Bronx to bust the drug dealers. The drug

DAY OF THE ZOO

enforcement agency worked side by side with the ATF and wiped out the South Bronx. Frank and Roy were busted for smoking the product they vowed not to use along with guns. The money needed to bail them out had to come out of the hidden funds at the secret zoo location. Francisco, Bond, George, Issy, and Rock had to come up with two hundred thousand dollars because of the amount of guns found at the crack spot. They all agreed to bail the blood brothers out and went to the zoo hideout to get the money. The boys group who were now men had to face the music. At the hearing, Frank and Roy were sentenced to five years on probation, and the US government seized the two-hundred-thousand-dollar bail as undeclared tax dollars—a real bombshell.

The criminals in the Bronx began to feel the pressure placed on them by a US president as well as a new mayor in New York City. There was nowhere to run or nowhere to hide. Issy kept running numbers on Southern Boulevard to keep the funds at the zoo safe. Some of the guys had girlfriends and began getting soft; they didn't want to sell crack anymore. Edward was serving his time like a true friend. Francisco placed junior drug peddlers on the streets to sell dime bags of coke. That failed; the dealers would either get busted or steal the bundles. There was no loyalty in this business anymore; even the lookouts would be turncoats. The new mayor had criminals on the grill, the mob was history, and the blue wall of silence came crashing down. Issy one day dropped some numbers sheets on the floor and forgot about them, and along came some cops from Manhattan South on a tip-off to investigate the joint. Cops spotted 357 action on the sheets and arrested Issy with the evidence. What a dummy. This cost the gang fifty thousand big ones; Issy was given five years on probation and now took the numbers in the parks. Frank and Roy started up the crack-smoking again. Francisco hit the coke with George and Rock. Bond ended up in the Veterans Health Administration medical center for post manic syndrome. At the zoo, Francisco noticed the funds were low and decided to split the money by giving each member twenty-five thousand dollars, setting aside Edward's share. They all agreed to take twenty-five thousand dollars

each. Francisco reminded them of the master plan and brotherhood oath taken ten years ago at the zoo location.

Bond stood up, gave a salute, and quoted, "Death before *dis-honor*." Everyone stood and agreed with what Bond stated and yelled, "To the brotherhood!" Each took their share and headed home.

It was now January 1994. Two years had gone by, and Edward was released from federal prison on good behavior with one-year probation hanging over his head. He headed to the Bronx to join up with the brotherhood once again. By this time, the guys knew the stakes and that the odds were against them. Street-level drug dealing was a thing of the past; everyone was getting busted left and right. They discovered the US government agencies such as the DEA, FBI, and ATF were using satellite tracking methods against the streets of the Bronx. They could observe all street-level action with the use of satellites. They could pinpoint every detail of the streets—drug dealers, where they hid the bundles, the money pickups, and every car used by drug dealers. Most of them thought the people were ratting them out or that informants were giving information on their operations. Nothing could be further from the truth. Pictures speak louder than words, especially video surveillance using satellite tracking as informants to seal the fate of the so-called street-level drug dealers. This new wave of technology did not only catch the dealers but now the buyers as well. Now the buyers were taken by surprise by new federal laws set in place without their knowledge. Anyone caught buying the drugs would have their cars, motorcycles, or even bikes seized by the police. Thousands of buyers lost their motor vehicles because of this new federal law. The pressure was on, and the heat was in Washington, DC. The man who played the saxophone knew the beat and the score of the game.

Bond, who had military experience, got the guys together one evening at the zoo to discuss what was going on in the Bronx with this Street Crime Unit and the Feds. He explained how certain military task forces operated and how the police were using similar operations with the Feds. The guys were surprised on how Bond, a veteran of the United States, knew so much of what was going on. Francisco stood up and declared war on the Street Crime Unit as he

snorted some coke. Bond laughed and said, "How are you going to fight 'Casper the Military Ghost'?"

Everyone was puzzled with this statement and said not a word.

Bond began to explain: "You cannot fight what you can't see nor hear yet feel its existence, the ghost being satellite tracking. The new wave in crime-fighting, gentlemen."

The guys could not believe what they were hearing. They hardly ever watched television with being in the streets all day.

Edward agreed with what Bond was saying and suggested a plan to Francisco and the guys. He said, "What if we started a phone operation, selling drugs by phone calls only? They can phone in how many they want and set up a meeting place to get them. Inside buildings, public parks, etc., somewhere where the police wouldn't notice sales of drugs."

Francisco said that it might work, and Bond agreed that it was a perfect idea. Francisco told George and Rock to rent a one-bedroom apartment around Bronx Park South to be near the zoo hideout. He told Roy and Frank to go and print up ten thousand business cards with a local phone number that Bond would get from the telephone company that morning. Edward agreed to use his share of the leftover money to start their new underground operations while Issy lay low, still taking numbers at the parks.

George went around spreading the news to his buyers to keep the customers in their turf. The printing shop got a little bonus from Roy and Frank, and within twenty-four hours, the guys began circulating business cards to their private customers only. Within one week after installing the phone at the one-bedroom apartment, business began to boom. Someone would call, and Francisco would tell them, "Meet me at the fish store," "Meet me at the toy store," "Meet me at the park," etc., never meeting at the same location twice with deliveries made on bicycles only. Francisco manned the phone at the apartment as Bond, George, and Roy cut the coke and dope and made bundles for sales. Edward again resumed managing the finances of the operation, but this time no banks were involved. But at times, money orders would do. Issy stayed in the park, taking numbers as well as serving as a walkie-talkie lookout for nearby cops or unmarked vehi-

cles. Rock, Frank, and Issy stayed in constant communication outside and reported to Francisco inside the apartment. Rock and Frank were the deliverymen on dirt bikes. Bond explained the tours of duty for law enforcement watches and demanded no drugs be sold with children around, therefore, restricting sales to being after four o'clock in the afternoon. The cops four to twelve tour of duty. Everyone agreed to this plan. Meanwhile, the foolish street-level drug dealers and buyers were getting hit hard by the Street Crime Unit daily with the constant arrest of those same people. The more drug spots got shut down, the more business cards Francisco and Bond got printed. The guys weren't making millions, but they sure were cutting the mustard. No police officer could touch the gang; they were untouchable. The new mayor was taking the credit for making the streets safe again for all New Yorkers and promised to do more using the police department as his clutch.

The Bronx became a police state with police brutality on the rise. The South Bronx was getting the worst of it, the East Bronx to follow. Guys were taken to City Island not to eat but to get beat. Police also had their hideouts for personal Street Crime Unit affairs. No thug was safe anymore. The people took back the streets as landlords raised their rents sky-high—the price people had to pay to get the streets back. Girlfriends or wives who had their thugs imprisoned could no longer pay the higher cost of rent on welfare and were forced to move in with parents or family, sometimes leaving everything behind as they were evicted by the city marshal. Many were forced out of state and out of the Bronx because of no rent control on these buildings once ruled by drug dealers. The people won back the streets, alright, with the mayor getting all the glory.

It was now January 1996. Two years had gone by, and the saxophone-playing president won a second term in office. "Don't stop thinking about tomorrow" was his slogan. The Bronx couldn't stop thinking about today nor yesterday as the mayor let the Bronx have it by forcing the poor out of the Bronx and making policies for city workers to move into the inner city. On the other hand, the president didn't forget about tomorrow and placed drug lords and drug cartels on his agenda. Passing new gun laws with the "three strikes and you're

out policy" brought street-level drug dealers to their knees, drove drug lords underground, and kept drug cartels on check. The mayor immediately wanted to be reelected to join in on the president's plan.

Meanwhile, the Bronx thugs were getting beat up daily by the Street Crime Unit. Some even got killed. After a while, the innocent citizens became thugs to the Streets Crime Unit. Everybody in the Bronx was getting it no matter what the reason was. The Civilian Complaint Review Board couldn't think about tomorrow, for the morrow was being taken care of by NYPD. As for Francisco, Bond, Roy, Edward, Rock, Frank, Issy, and George, business was smooth as ice. They knew the Street Crimes Unit was looking for those suckers who kept on with street-level dealings, now getting two-to-four-year sentences mandatory by the state of New York. No more revolving-door justice; it now was "One, two, and three strikes of felony, and you're in for life." The guys wanted no part of that. Soon everyone started or joined the new wave of drug sales and drug buying.

Everything was private and personal. Meanwhile, the mayor claimed victory by winning a second term in office. Hurray for him! This year the guys vowed to watch the ball drop at Times Square and join the mainstream in their celebration of the New Year. The guys wanted to taste and feel what everyone in the crowds enjoyed each year while most of the Bronx just sat in the fire escape, blowing firecrackers or shooting guns in the air for the thrills of New Year's Eve. So on December 31, the guys gathered at Times Square to watch the ball drop within the crowd. The final countdown came, and when it hit 1, everyone shouted and screamed, "*Happy New Year!*" The guys started hugging each other, and people that they didn't even know started hugging them too.

The guys felt like they were on top of the world, but they didn't stop thinking about tomorrow because they realized they lived in the ghetto of the Bronx. They sadly left the mainstreamers, knowing the facts, the truth, of who they are—the Bronx! They all ran to catch the number 2 train back home. On the train, Bond told the guys that watching the ball drop would be part of their master plan if they don't make it to the year 2001. Francisco agreed and said, "Yes, December 31 would be perfect for our master plan at the zoo." The

rest of the guys questioned what the plan would be, and Bond told them not to worry about tomorrow. They all laughed and agreed to whatever plan suited them fine.

They got back to the Bronx and wished everyone a Happy New Year.

It was now officially 1998. The gang had everything running smoothly. The drug spots were in ruins. Many people quit drugs and went into rehabilitation programs because of the junk that was being sold on the Bronx streets. It seemed that nobody could get a hold of the real stuff. Street-level punks were cooking up homemade coke, using aspirin and speed and other hallucinogens in their mixture and mixing cancer pills, morphine, downers, and other hallucinogens to make fake heroin in Bronx apartment kitchens. It was a real mess out there for street-level drug dealers. For the phone-a-drug operation, it was for members only. No one sold to new customers or strangers. A rat couldn't even fit through the cracks; that's how organized the drug lords demanded it to be. The gang would change their phone number every six months without detection. New cards were printed also to keep business running smoothly. Carrying guns became a fool's nightmare. There was a one-year mandatory sentence, for starters, if the gun was linked to any bodies. The sky was the limit. When the toys-for-guns program opened, the gang loaded the joint with automatics. No questions asked, right? The mayor suspected drug trafficking in taxi cabs and began pulling street-level drug dealers out of the cabs—livery cabs, any cabs. All the police ever got were kilos of homemade junk. He began pounding the livery cabs, taxicabs, and yellow cabs using the Taxi & Limousine Commission (TLC) as a result of this knowledge that the street-level drug dealers were transporting drugs via taxi. Now, in the Bronx, people feared taking cabs and instead took the bus or train. Metro cards became a booming business for Mister I Love New York. The Bronx was now in a lion's den. There was no way out for the drug dealers, just a job: "Just Over Broke."

Meanwhile, the Street Crime Unit was being dismantled by the public via the media and civil rights groups because of their excessive use of force against citizens of the Bronx. People now feared the

police and the police brutality in the inner city. By ten o'clock, everyone knew where their children were: upstairs, locked in their rooms. Drug sales were down, and no one was in the corners drinking brew anymore, for this was a crime now. Loitering was prohibited by the NYPD of the Bronx. Got caught with a beer in your hand a fine, or rest peacefully in the ghetto without loitering or going outside their buildings, for now this also became a crime. To keep the fire going, the mayor put more cops on the beat. You couldn't make a move without a cop breathing down your neck. It was a direct passageway to Rikers Island. The phone-a-drug operation was kept for members only for the years that lay ahead. The gang changed apartments often to avoid detection by police. Customers were now screened to sniff out the rats. The gang was not making mega bucks, but they made enough not to end up back on welfare, which now became workfare in which the person had to clean up the city's mess for their checks. Roy and George got their girlfriends pregnant and needed more money to start their families. Edward decided to get married through the Catholic church because of the beliefs he claimed, but the gang knew it was a shotgun wedding being that the girl was only seventeen. The girls wouldn't give Bond the time of day with all the drugs the Veterans Administration Hospital had him taking. For Francisco, Rock, Frank, and Issy, life was nothing but a dream, so they stayed single. Besides, it was better to deal with the business without all these emotional conflicts. After all these years, the brotherhood oath stood tall.

It was now November 2000; over two years had gone by. The president who played the saxophone was on his way out of office, and his wife was running for New York Senate. The polls were in her favor. The phone-a-drug operation began to increase in sales being it was an election year. People began demanding drugs like coke and dope again. The phone was ringing off the hook. Francisco cheered because he knew once they got rid of the sax-playing president, everything would go back to the way it was. Bond explained to Francisco that this new president who might win was the son of a former president, so he shouldn't get so cocky or foolish with their operations. Francisco said, "We will wait after the holidays to put into effect

our master plan. It's been thirty years into our brotherhood, and we must stick together." Before leaving office, the last president vowed to declare war against the Colombian cartels.

It was now January 2001. The newly elected president took control of the White House as his father did years ago. He was a no-holds-barred Republican president. The mayor of New York City was under fire by police for an increase in salary and claimed the mayor used them for his power and glory. Meanwhile, the citizens trusted not the mayor or the police—a real mess in the Big Apple. The former President's wife was now a senator in New York and used her Southern ways to control the Northern police state, New York City. Now the police had the mayor with his back to the wall and demanded equal time, equal pay. The mayor now began to lose control over the NYPD, his main backbone of support against crime in New York City. The police just wanted to do their eight hours and go home. Arrests started to decline in the Bronx. Local criminals took this as the coast being clear and began robbing cars, stealing, holding up bodegas, etc. The guys stayed low in fear of this new president and didn't believe the hype of the media, as they downplayed what was happening in the Bronx. Word from the street got out to the White House about this phone-a-drug operation going on throughout the cities of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut—the Tri-State Area. The new president was astounded with the information received about drug sales and immediately brought this to the attention of Congress for congressional investigation.

Ninety days went by, and Congress passed new laws into legislation allowing the Federal Communication Commission (FCC) to join forces with the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives (ATF) in the war against drugs and illegal firearms. The new laws passed allowed federal FTS lines to tap into telephone lines for anybody suspected of selling, trading, or buying illegal drugs or firearms over public telephones lines. The president and Congress knew the civil liberties and constitutional rights of the people would be violated when taking such actions, but they also knew that the freedom of America and to be American was a privilege and that a person had to earn the right

to live in America among the working class. Tax-paying citizens have always viewed the street-level drug dealers as outcasts of the community and society itself.

The last president vowed to take on the drug cartels, and by golly, this is the way the president exclaimed! The issues were taken to the Supreme Court—the highest federal court—for approval of a top-secret US federal government probe involving the FBI as team leaders. Under special guidelines, the Supreme Court allowed the sting; the FBI, FCC, DEA, ATF, and NYPD were now the force of vengeance for those who hurt America. "This would be the biggest bust since the French connection in the Bronx!" exclaimed the FBI director.

Meanwhile, back in the Bronx, Francisco was busy taking orders for coke and dope in a different apartment with Bond and Frank now making deliveries to change the faces of the deliverymen. Everything seemed normal out in the streets. Issy kept up with the numbers in the park and called in every half hour to report whether or not the coast was clear. Rock, Roy, and George cut the material and bagged it into bundles while Edward kept up with the finances. The guys kept up with the media reports to be updated with what was happening to the police department and the mayor. Little did they know that the plan the US government had, had no leaks to the media; it was foolproof. At the White House, the president set the date for his operation: President's Day, February 19, 2001. Federal FTS lines would officially intersect with the FCC lines starting with public New York telephones then the public New Jersey and public Connecticut telephones to link calls to illegal criminal activities in the Tri-State Area. These would be recorded by the FBI via ETS Federal Communication System for further development of criminal cases against violators of federal laws and the United States of America as well as the State of New York, the State of New Jersey, and the State of Connecticut. The new president made this an executive order to be carried out on February 19, 2001.

It was now February 14, 2001—Valentine's Day. Most of the guys were with their girls while Francisco and Bond cut the drugs and made bundles for the days to come. Issy took his turn in making

deliveries since the numbers were slow on Valentine's Day. Everybody wanted to buy things for their sweethearts. All seemed quiet and calm, but it's always quiet before the storm. Little did anyone know the party was about to begin.

February 19, 2001. The police again staged a protest against the mayor. They rallied in front of his mansion with the Police Benevolent Association for hours, harassing the mayor. The media was on the scene, and the mayor threatened the police with martial law if their civil disobedience and insubordination continued on his turf, the mansion. Police immediately left the premises to avoid the use of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, in which a mayor has the option of using in such disobedience involving his own police department trying to overthrow a city official, especially its own mayor. News broadcasts scatter everywhere. Washington, DC, looked on as their plan was in effect. They had steady control over New York's finest, for the only souls who knew about this plan were the mayor and the police commissioner. The FCC immediately began tracking drug transactions via public telephones all around the Bronx, Manhattan, Queens, Brooklyn, and Long Island. The FTS federal lines intersected with the FCC lines for the FBI to record drug transactions over public telephones to build the case for the US government as well as the United States of America. The same actions were taken in New Jersey and Connecticut States.

Nearly five months went by, and it was July 4, 2001. The FBI had secretly recorded thousands and thousands of drug sales via public telephones, establishing its case for the US federal government in the interest of the United States of America. As the operation continued through the Tri-State Area, back in the Bronx, Francisco changed his drug sales to another apartment and changed his phone number again to avoid detection. All the guys started celebrating the Fourth of July that evening by blowing up firecrackers and all sorts of fireworks near the zoo. Francisco asked Edward to go back to the new apartment and pick up most of the money and coke so they could hide it in the secret zoo location for their master plan at the end of the year. As Edward left to go to the apartment nearby, a number of unmarked vehicles arrived at the building of their last apartment. It was a raid

with federal agents all around the place. They broke down the door of their last apartment and wrecked the place. Francisco and Bond called on their walkietalkies to warn Edward of the danger headed his way, but the dummy had his walkie-talkie shut off. Meanwhile, the phone rang in the new apartment, and Edward started to take drug orders with the FBI closing in. Sure enough, the FBI uncovered the exact location of the spot, and *boom* went the door of the apartment on the Fourth of July as a massive amount of federal agents flooded the area. Edward, with no way out, jumped out the fourth-floor apartment window like a true kamikaze, falling to his death. People started screaming and blamed the Feds for throwing Edward out the window. The FBI secured the building and seized the money and drugs inside the fourth-floor apartment. Meanwhile, downstairs a small riot broke out between the Feds, the police, and the Spanish community. The people shouted out, "Killers," "You killers!" and, "You killed Edward!" as Edward lay facedown on the pavement. Francisco and the rest of the gang thought the same thing.

"Jesus, they killed Edward!" Bond exclaimed. The gang immediately went into hiding in their secret tunnel beneath the zoo. Everyone was crying as their teeth were chattering from the fear of Edward's gruesome death. Meanwhile, the FBI, the DEA, the FCC, and the local police were having it out with local gang members. It was the Fourth of July, alright. *Bang, bang, boom, boom*, went the weapons of the gangs and of law enforcement. At the end, many law enforcement officials were injured, but many gang members were also injured and many arrested for obstruction of justice and held accountable for the money and drugs found in the apartment, which was over one million dollars. Some people were at the wrong place at the wrong time and never learned to mind their own business. Edward was buried days later at Saint Raymond's Cemetery. The brotherhood didn't attend. Instead they came at nighttime to pay their respects, the information of his whereabouts given to Bond by Edward's wife. They jumped the cemetery gates to see him. The gang knew this was the end of the line for them. Bond was losing his mind and wanted revenge on the cops and the Feds.

RICARDO CRUZ

Everybody headed back to the hideout in the zoo. Rock, Roy, George, Issy, Frank, and Bond told Francisco there must be revenge to honor their fallen brother as they all snorted coke all night.

Bond told Francisco, "It's been thirty years now. Let us do the master plan now."

George then quoted a phrase from the Bible: "It shall be like the days of Noah's Ark."

Then Bond stepped in and said, "That's it, Noah's Ark!"

The rest of the gang looked puzzled. "Noah's Ark?" they all said.

"Yeah! Noah's Ark," exclaimed Bond. "We will use the animals from the zoo to get back at the police."

Now Francisco sat down and let Bond take command of the master plan—the final battle, the end. And they all snorted coke. Bond was sick to think of such a plan, but it was the war that made him this way.

Francisco got into Bond's head and began to feel the plan out. Francisco said, "Yes, we will coke up all the animals in the zoo with mixture of coke and rat poison. Using dart guns, we will inject the drugs into the wild animal population." Francisco then explained, "Other smaller wild animals, we will crop dust them with rat poison and angel dust using small fans." Francisco explained detail by detail how to make the wild animals furious again. Afterward, they would unleash the fury unto the streets of the Bronx for the day of the zoo. "This will be our master plan."

Bond was elated with the plan, and they all agreed on getting back at the Bronx for killing Edward. For the meantime, everyone lay low in the hideout.

Bond thought that he was in the war again and gave orders to all of them. Francisco went along with the orders to accomplish the master plan. Bond set the day to attack the cops in the Bronx: December 31, 2001, New Year's Eve at the stroke of midnight. All the guys were puzzled about this date but went along with the soldier of fortune. Bond went on to explain the plot of his master plan. He said, "We must kidnap the main man who administrates the zoo three to four days before December 31, 2001. Then we must force the guy to give three days off to all the zoologists, all the zookeepers who feed the

DAY OF THE ZOO

animals, and most of the security team. The zoo administrator must be forced at gunpoint to convince all employees without argument that relievers for their duties will be available while they are granted three days off for the holidays. During these three days, nobody will be feeding the animals. Instead of food, the animals will receive high doses of coke mixed with rat poison to make them furious and wild enough to have them bust out of their cages. Angel dust will be used for the small animals, using dart tranquilizer guns filled with drugs.

"Gates securing the larger animals will be cut, leaving them able to charge toward the pathway to freedom to the streets of the Bronx a half hour before the Times Square ball drops, giving us time to release the zoo administrator and make our getaway," Bond exclaimed.

Francisco and the guys couldn't believe what Bond was about to do for the brotherhood. Francisco told Bond that he was insane.

Everyone laughed, thinking Bond was joking, and Bond slammed Francisco to the ground and told him, "This is not a joke, man! Are you guys in or out of the brotherhood?"

Francisco got up and said, "Whatever you say, Bond!" and the rest of the gang agreed to his master plan. After this, no one dared to laugh at Bond.

The guys stood at the tunnel for three weeks, getting food only at night, cleaning themselves up with baby products, and wiping themselves down, using the wooded areas as a bathroom. They knew they had to stay low until things cooled off. The guys still had the walkie-talkies and cellular phones but were afraid to use them, assuming the Feds would be listening on the other end.

Meanwhile, the Feds were making massive arrests in the five boroughs, New Jersey, and Connecticut. Everybody who phoned for drugs were also getting arrested. At times, the Feds were taking orders for drugs and delivered an arrest. The house came crashing down. Many cartels members headed to the airports to leave the country and were arrested at the airports. No one knew who let the dogs out.

It was now August 2001. With some of the twenty-five thousand dollars Edward left behind, the guys rented a small basement apartment not far from the zoo. Bond needed medication and was hallucinating. He thought he was back at the war and didn't want to leave the foxhole,

RICARDO CRUZ

so they left him there guarding the hideout. At night they would bring him food supplies, water to bathe, blankets, etc. Bond connected a light unit to the electrical cable that was installed when they first dug the tunnel. The gang stayed in the apartment all day until nightfall. They couldn't afford to be seen for the rest of the months that lay ahead.

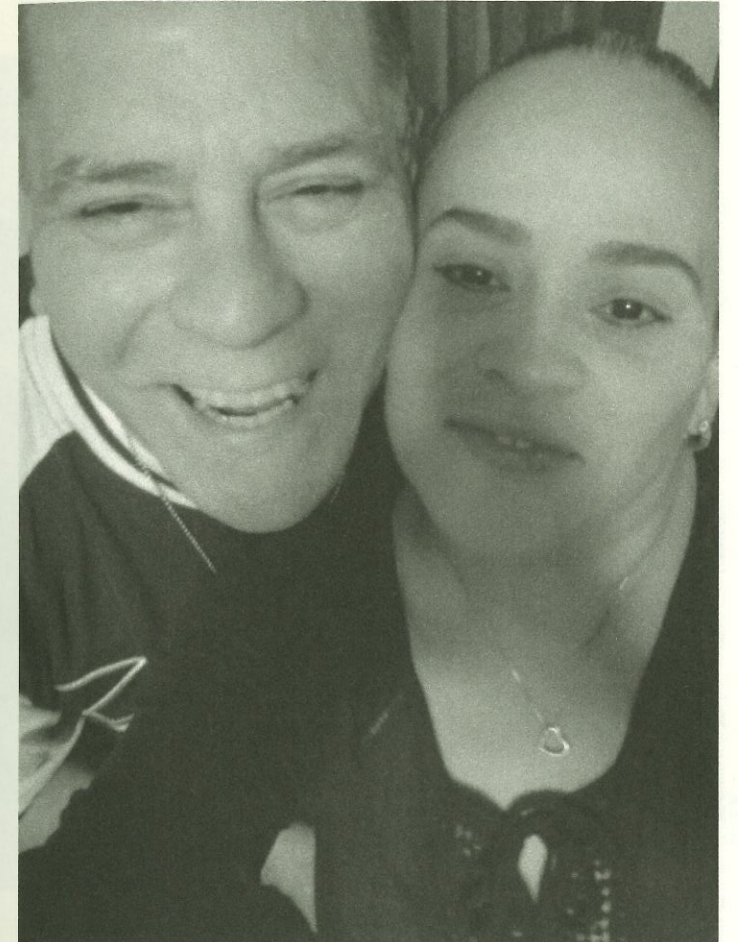
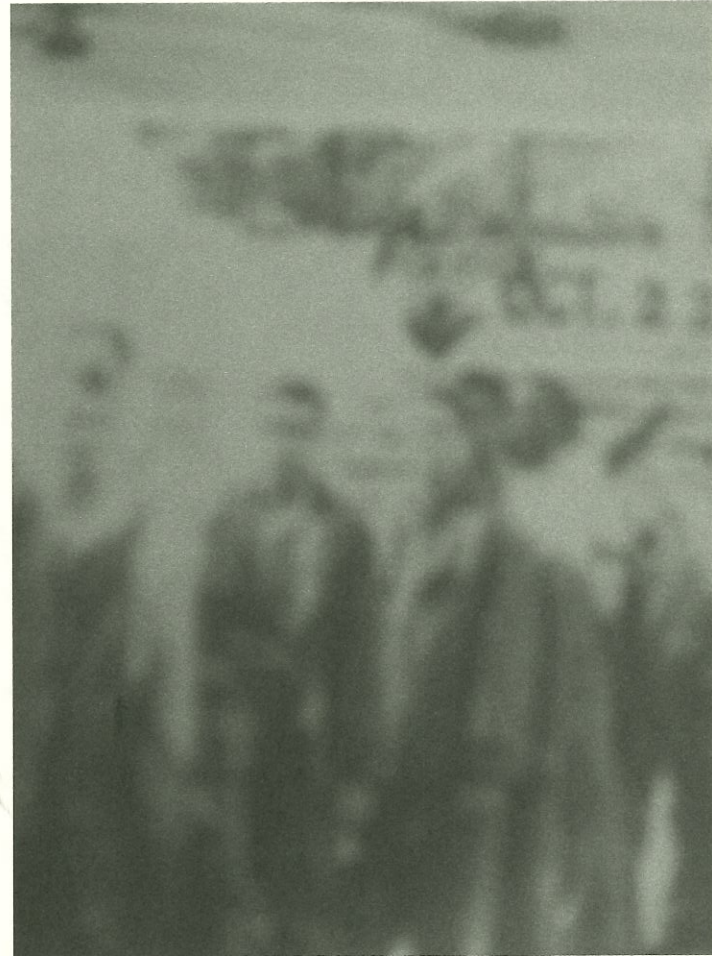
It was now September 2001. Back at Washington, DC, the president approved the budget for NASA for a mission of launching a new international satellite for the purpose of international satellite tracking of worldwide drug trafficking, starting the mission in South America and Mexico. This would be the ultimate weapon for the war on drugs. America would now be able to take their coastal lines back and free them from this past criminal enterprise that had cruelly destroyed America, the home of the brave. News reports were out concerning the launch, and criminals everywhere were going underground, leaving the country or changing states where they lived. Many started working for a change and quit selling drugs.

The guys were back in the basement apartment, watching news reports about the satellite on a television they purchased earlier that day. They couldn't believe what was happening in America, yet they wouldn't give up. Francisco was angry and upset. The rest of the gang were losing their minds with all the coke they were snorting and showed no emotion or remorse to the media hype because of the master plan they were going to carry out on New Year's Eve. The guys told Francisco not to worry and offered some coke to drown his sorrows. Bond was being medicated with marijuana daily to help him with his pain. After two weeks, he came out of the hideout at the zoo and joined the gang at the basement apartment.

It was now October 2001. The gang knew it would be a harsh winter, so they purchased a couple of heaters for the hideout and began to purchase enough coke, angel dust, and rat poison for the animals at the zoo. They also went to Long Island and purchased tranquilizer guns and hundreds of darts. The darts would be later drained and filled with their own chemical solution containing coke, angel dust, and rat poison. As Bond and Francisco cooked the chemical solution in the basement apartment, the rest of the guys went to purchase lock cutters and wire cutters.

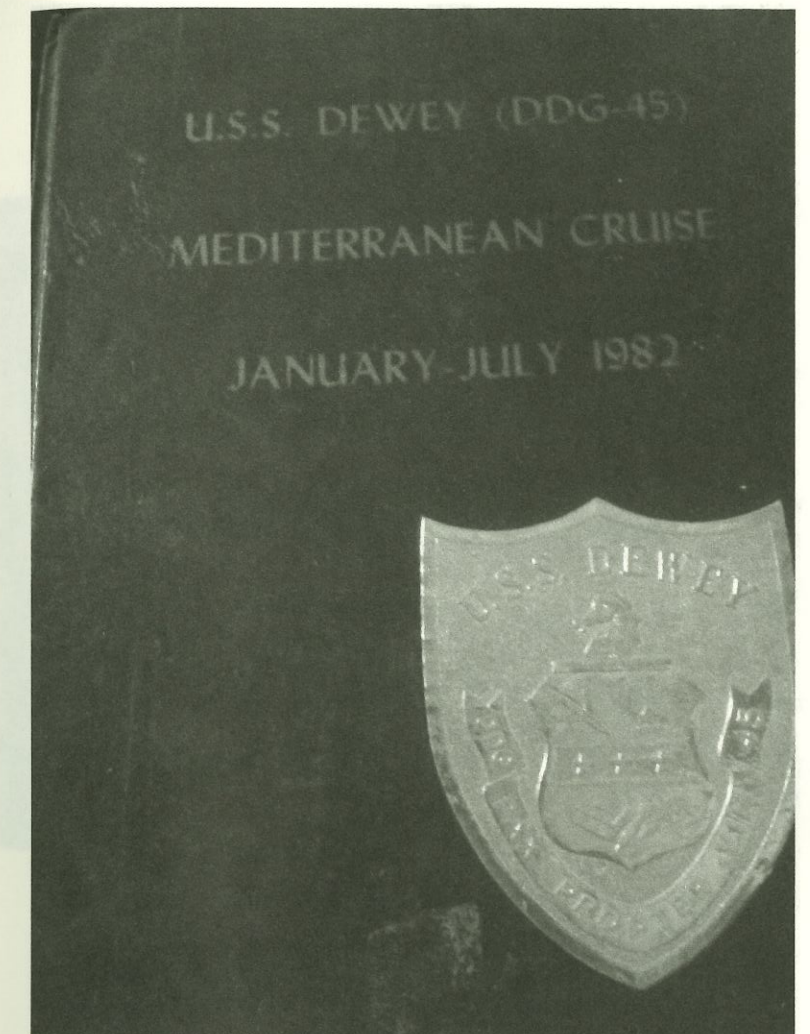
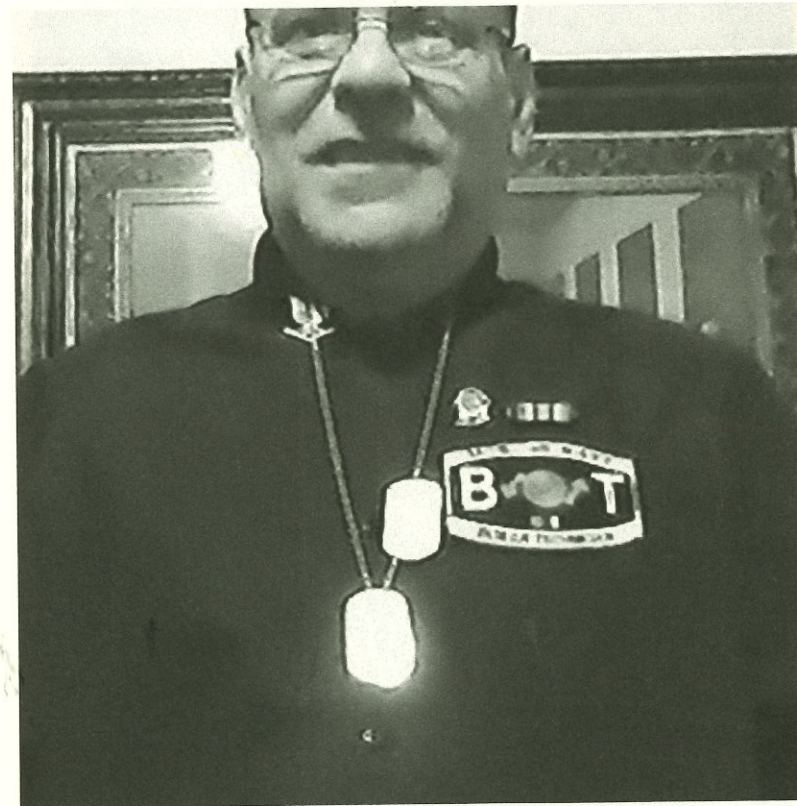


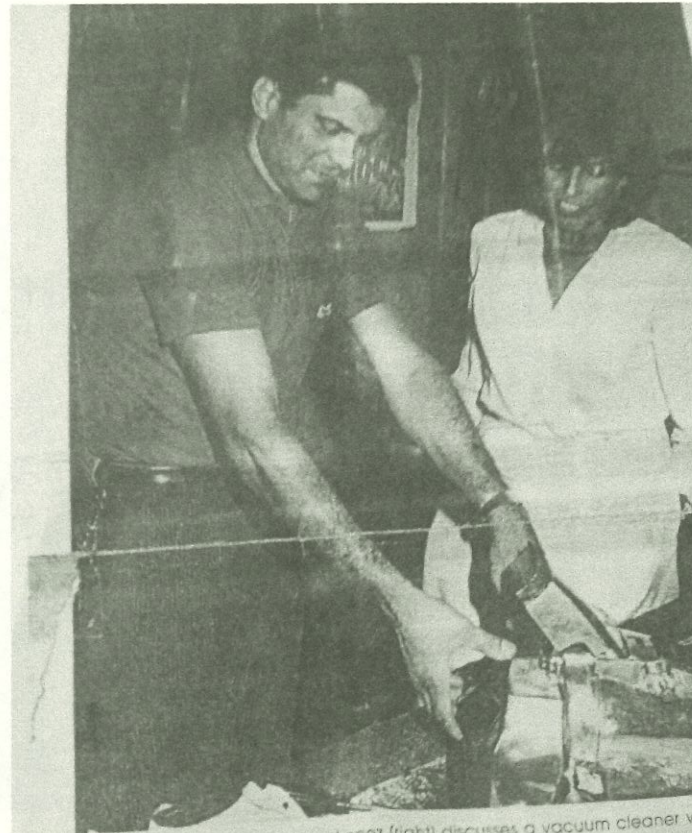






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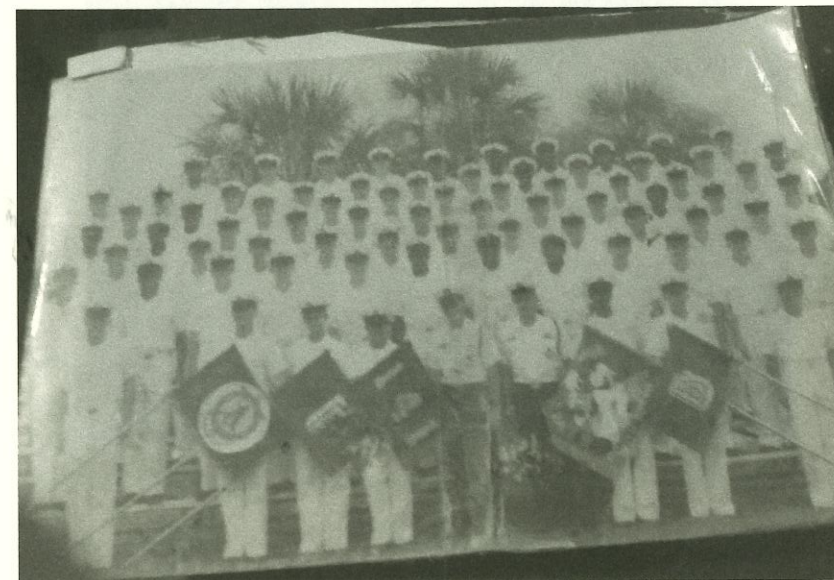
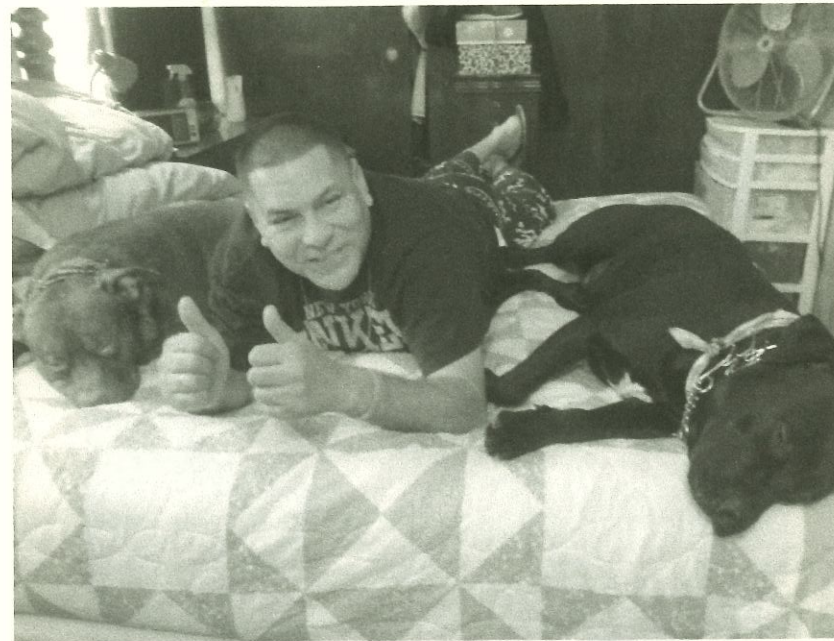




Kirby Distributor Martha Santos Lopez (right) discusses a vacuum cleaner with Manager Ricky Cruz.

While recuperating in the hospital, Martha could do little more than her husband's loss. But with salesman and soon became a butler. Once Lopez determined her husband was serious about Kirby, she si





One week had passed, and the guys had everything they needed for the master plan at the zoo. They waited until nightfall to take the supplies to the tunnel at the zoo. When they got to the zoo, they quickly uncovered the pit and loaded the place with the equipment purchased earlier that week. They set up the heaters in place and loaded the dart guns with the homemade darts.

"We are now ready for the master plan!" exclaimed Bond. "From here on, the sky is the limit. There is no turning back now."

The guys cheered Bond on and immediately headed out of the zoo without being detected. At the basement apartment, everyone began to smoke marijuana, snort coke, and drink beer for the remainder of the evening. They now had to plan the kidnapping of the zoo administrator and find his whereabouts in the zoo areas. They needed to know where he was, what car he drove, and what time he came to work—the whole nine yards for a successful kidnapping without being detected. The gang kept a low profile for the weeks ahead.

It was now November 2001. The gang went to visit the zoo daily with notepads to write down important information about the animals. They mainly asked the zookeepers how the animals were locked up and released, how they were fed, etc. The gang mainly wanted the location of the devices used to release the animals out of their cages. When the zoologist personnel asked questions about what interest they had in obtaining this information, the guys would tell them it was for their sons' school projects. The gang came to the zoo daily, using an instant polaroid camera to take pictures of the cages, the pathways leading to the cages, and the gates to be cut.

They asked employees who the administrator was and where his office would be located, and they got the information with no problem. They learned that the zoo had an electronic lockdown just like Rikers Island cells. Each card key holder was responsible for locking down the area, and the main zoo administrator, Mr. Johnson, had a master electronic key to open all gates—just what the gang was looking for, the key to this city zoo. The gang observed Mr. Johnson arrive daily at 8:00 a.m. in a red Ford pickup. The gang began clocking the zoo administrator's duties and whereabouts each

day, setting up the kidnapping plot. The gang observed him carrying the master key everywhere he went. Through the window on the door, Francisco observed the time clock of the employees set in his office and observed the payroll book on his desk that contained all the employees' addresses and phone numbers. Francisco called the gang over, and they took quick pictures of the area.

Bond said, "We will need that book to secure our master plan. When we kidnap this Mr. Johnson, we need to ensure we get all these vital documents pertaining to all zoo employees, especially zoo security." Thanksgiving was coming up soon, so they went back to the basement apartment to lie low for the next two weeks. They were too close to their master plan to fail now.

Meanwhile, news reports talked about NASA launching the new international satellite on December 1, 2001, at the Kennedy Space Center in Florida. NASA reported all systems were go for this launch date. Other news reports talked about the phone-a-drug operation bust going on the Tri-State Area and how there would be more arrests daily as the FBI compiled secret evidence against all involved in this new wave of crime hitting the city. Bond shut the TV off and said, "You see, men, the war is still going on. Back in the war, the fight was for rubber trees. Now it's for monopoly, who gets the best deal at park place. It's the Americans who allow drugs to come into America in the first place." It was used as a means to keep the minorities down and hooked on drugs. It's not just one person to blame, especially the ones down on Wall Street, holding all the chance cards to this deadly game. "We waited thirty years or so. Where is our chance?" Bond exclaimed.

Francisco stood up and shook Bond's hand. "You're right, Bond, the brotherhood never stood a chance in this game, but the master plan will prove one thing to this so-called Bronx. And that is we are all nothing but animals in a caged society. Nobody is going to stop what is coming to them on New Year's Eve. They will feel the fury of the Bronx. Let us seal the fate by smoking this pipe of marijuana and take a moment of silence for our fallen hero!" Francisco exclaimed.

The guys all took a toke of the smoke in the pipe also containing angel dust without their knowledge. The guys began to get furi-

RICARDO CRUZ

ous and wild. They all became restless and began punching the walls. They all yelled, "Let's get them! Let's get those cops!"

"The time will come, the time will come." Bond ordered the guys to relax and gave them lots of coke to snort. Now Bond brought the crew into his world, his mind, his understanding of war with Casper—an unknown, unseen enemy, for sure. Bond kept up his ritual with the guys for one week. They didn't eat anything; they just drank water and got high all day and night. They all became one mind for this kidnapping mission. Bond learned how to brainwash people in the war.

It was now December 10, 2001. Bond ordered the crew to purchase military camouflage clothing and steel-toed military boots at the sports shop on Tremont Avenue. Bond himself went to purchase boxes of M-80s and quarter sticks of dynamite from a local fire-cracker dealer at Bronx Park South. After injecting the animals with the homemade drug that would affect the animal's nervous system, M-80s and quarter sticks of dynamite would be thrown into the cages and dens to force the wild animals out of their habitats and onto the streets of the Bronx; this was the master plan. The crew returned to the apartment with all their military gear and an extra suit for Bond.

Francisco said, "We must kidnap this guy soon."

Bond replied, "Yeah, how about on Christmas? Rumors are this Mr. Johnson is headed toward Florida for the holidays. December 23, 2001, should be the day to strike."

The crew all agreed on the kidnapping date. Until then, they all stayed in the apartment to avoid detection.

Days went by, and December 23, 2001, arrived. Mr. Johnson was doing his final payroll duties in his office. It was 4:30 p.m. George came into his office to ask him for directions, and Bond quickly rushed in and injected Mr. Johnson with a needle filled with heroin. They quickly grabbed the documents and electronic master key and dragged Mr. Johnson to his red pickup. They took Mr. Johnson to the nearby basement apartment and tied him up to a chair. Mr. Johnson was out like a light. The dope put him to sleep. The crew waited a few hours until Mr. Johnson was fully awake and

DAY OF THE ZOO

alert. Mr. Johnson said, "What's the meaning of this? What do you want from me?"

The crew put on ski masks so they would not be identified. Bond put a gun to Mr. Johnson's head and explained the deal to him. "You will now call your family and tell them to go ahead without you to Florida because you have to catch up with the payroll duties at the zoo. Now get on the phone," Bond exclaimed.

Mr. Johnson, frightened to death, did what was demanded. He called his family and softly explained his situation using his own cellular phone. His family bought his story.

Bond said, "Good, now call all your employees who run the zoo and tell them that the zoo will be closed on December 29, 30, and 31 for inspection and that people will be there to cover their duties."

"You are insane!" Mr. Johnson exclaimed.

Bond put the gun directly over his eyebrows and began shouting at Mr. Johnson, "You think this is a joke! Do you want to die?" He then pulled the trigger on his unloaded weapon, playing Russian roulette with Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Johnson screamed in horror, "Oh my god! What type of game is this?" He then began crying and pleading with Bond. "Okay, okay, I'll do what you ask, just please don't kill me!"

Francisco, with a ski mask on, now played the good cop/bad cop routine with Mr. Johnson and softly explained the master plan to him while Bond held a loaded gun to the back of his head.

Mr. Johnson was given an injection of coke and began talking over the phone quickly, giving the three days off to every employee found in his payroll book.

Bond exclaimed, "What about security?"

Mr. Johnson said, "The security force is not part of my administration. They are a private company and man the front gates only."

Bond said, "No problem. When the time comes, we will knock out the guards with tranquilizing darts. Tomorrow will be Christmas Eve, and you will call your family and advise them that you won't be able to join them until December 31, 2001. It's that clear, Mr. Johnson."

Mr. Johnson said, "Whatever you say, boss. Just don't kill me."

It was now December 24, 2001 in evening hours. All employees of the zoo had gone, elated knowing that they received three days off with pay. The crew had the zoo administrator tied up to the radiator. Earlier that day, they had him call up his family to explain his delay. Mr. Johnson was officially on vacation from his job, so no one knew he was missing. Rock and Roy dumped his truck in the Hunts Point area of the Bronx. The crew now had an extra guest to spend Christmas with. Everyone brought plenty of food and drinks for their last Christmas together. Mr. Johnson asked for marijuana because that's what he did after hours at home, he confessed to the crew. Like they gave a damn, some zoo administrator! Everyone ate and drank wine, beers, etc. Mr. Johnson even stuffed his face. They sang Christmas songs, watched TV, and broke out the marijuana, which Mr. Johnson couldn't get enough of, as well as the coke. It truly became a white Christmas then. The crew kept the party going until a.m. hours of Christmas day, and by then, everyone was drunk, including the zoo administrator, Mr. Johnson. Christmas day was spent sleeping off the hangovers. The remaining days that lay ahead were spent roaming around the zoo and checking out the security guards' positions and schedules. The crew clocked their every move.

It was finally December 29, 2001. The crew was ready for the master plan. Bond had the administrator call security at the zoo and tell them that the zoo would be closed on December 29, 30, and 31. Security didn't question the authority of the zoo administrator and told him it was okay, and they immediately closed the zoo gates, posting guards in front of them. The guys waited until 4:00 p.m. and grabbed their gear to head toward the zoo hideout. They left Issy behind to watch Mr. Johnson and agreed to keep in radio contact using their walkie-talkies.

The crew arrived at the zoo and hid until nightfall. They each put on their military camouflage gear and boots. Bond led the assault team out the tunnel and said, "If the guards get too close, shoot them with a tranquilizer dart! Not the ones we intend to use on the animals. Each of you will only have two tranquilizer darts, so don't miss. Do you understand?"

The guys said, "Yes."

Bond immediately got into war mode and shouted, "Let's move out."

Each man was loaded with hundreds of darts with a single-shot pistol. Bond and the crew knew the zoo ever since they were kids, so they knew more or less which animals to hit first. They sabotaged the gates first, cutting fence links, cutting locks, etc. This took a couple of hours. Most of the animals were inside because of the cold temperatures outside—thirty-seven degrees, to be exact.

Bond said, "Okay, the master key will open any cage. Let's hit the bears first."

With the administrator's key, they opened the doors to where the bears were and used the electronic pass key to gain entrance to the bears' cages. They immediately shot the brown bears and black bears with the darts containing the coke, angel dust, and rat poison mixture. The bears went wild.

Bond screamed, "Get back, get back. We won't release any animals until December 31, 2001, at midnight."

They slammed the gates and repeated the same action on most of the population. They hit the polar bears, lions, tigers, elephants, bobcats, black panthers, wolves, gorillas, monkeys, giraffes, buffalo, horses, donkeys, beavers, alligators, antelope, deer, baboons, moose, zebras, oxen, woodchucks, penguins, moles, gnus, orangutans, bison, etc. The guys hit everything and anything that moved that night and repeated the dosage before daybreak. The guards didn't suspect a thing. Bond called Issy and confirmed phase one was completed.

It was now the morning of December 30, 2001. Bond and the crew got a couple of hours of sleep and snorted some coke to keep awake. They managed to steal some zookeepers' uniforms and put them on, and they acted like they were coming on shift. They walked past the guards at the front gate and went to take care of business. They waited until noon and again fed the animals with drugs. They would sweep up any darts they could being that the animals were getting furious because of hunger and couldn't get sleep. When 4:00 p.m. came, the guys walked out the zoo, acting like employees at quitting time. The guards didn't suspect a thing. The crew quickly got something to eat and quickly returned to the hideout in the zoo.

They radioed Issy, confirming phase two was completed. They stood in the hideout, resting until nightfall. When night came, Bond again led the men into battle, assaulting all the animals again with double the dosages from before, but this time they even assaulted the larger birds such as eagles, hawks, owls, vultures, etc.—any bird that bit. This madness continued until the a.m. hours of the next day. Phase three was completed.

It was now doomsday for the Bronx—December 31, 2001, New Year's Eve. The guys rested for four hours and walked past the front gate again as employees wearing zookeepers' uniforms. The animals were furious inside. They were not fed in three days, and no water was given to them, just drugs. The animals were bouncing off the walls with their bloodshot eyes from not getting any sleep. The animals were trying to crash out of the cages with fury and anger. It was no longer a zoo in there but a jungle. The guards at the front gate didn't even notice all the noise the animals were making being that they were too busy listening to their Walkman radio on full blast with their headsets glued to their ears. Bond noticed the guards' actions and said, "Okay, let's zap the animals one more time," and again they repeated their dosages of drugs to all the animals and birds. This seemed to quiet the animals down, like they were hooked on drugs, and hooked they were.

The hour of 4:00 p.m. arrived, and the guys headed toward the front gate without being detected. The guard in the front gate was busy grooving to the beat. They called Issy and reported that the stage was set for the night before heading to home base. The guys all went back to the basement apartment to shower up, eat, and rest until nightfall. The zoo administrator, Mr. Johnson, had no idea what was going on. The guys let him take a shower and began to treat him nicely, but they still needed to tie him up until midnight.

The hour of 9:00 p.m. rolled around, and the guys were getting restless. Francisco and Bond gave the men final instructions on the master plan they were about to carry out and knew that from here on, there would be no turning back. All headed to the zoo hideout to gear up for this disaster. They wanted to let New York City have it by all means. Issy was left behind to guard the zoo administrator,

Mr. Johnson. When they got to the zoo, all the animals were making loud rumbling sounds as if they all were roaring out of control. The loud noises could be heard from outside the zoo gates. People passing by would notice the loud sounds and questioned each other on what was going on in the zoo. The guys knew they had to act fast and carry out the master plan sooner than they had planned. Bond insisted on letting the smaller animals out first starting at 11:00 p.m. and larger animals thereafter. Without hesitation, they waited in the hideout until the final hour of the master plan.

It was finally 11:00 p.m., December 31, 2001.

"The hour has come. Let's do it!" Bond exclaimed.

The crew began opening all the cages that held mostly all the smaller animals such as birds, monkeys, penguins, moles, snakes, etc. The smaller animals were wild and furious and quickly scattered, heading toward the main gate. Bond quickly instructed George to cut the locks of all the zoo gates and let the animals crash out of the zoo and onto the streets of Southern Boulevard, Bronx Park South, Bronx Park East, and Fordham Road. By the time they let out most of the smaller animals, it was 11:30 p.m. The people in the streets took notice of all the birds flying around, monkeys jumping on top of cars, and penguins holding up traffic on Bronx Park South, so they began calling the cops.

Bond said, "Okay, this is it," and gave the crew hundreds of M-80s and quarter sticks of dynamite. He instructed them to blow up many M-80s every time they opened a cage of the larger animals. They would start off with the elephants, being who was going to get in the way of charging elephants? They opened the elephant cages and noticed the elephants were furious and mad, so they immediately exploded lots of M-80s. This made them charge outside toward Southern Boulevard. They quickly moved to every cage, repeating the same actions. They released the lions, tigers, zebras, buffalo, giraffes, horses, baboons, antelope, deer, moose, orangutans, bison, gorillas, polar bears, donkeys, alligators, gnus, bobcats, black panthers, wolves, etc.—all animals in fury.

Meanwhile, at Times Square, the ball was dropping. "Five, four, three, two, one, *Happy New Year 2002!*" At this very moment, there

was a loud explosion at the zoo, and herds of animals were charging in fury down all directions of the Bronx streets. It was like a rumble in the Bronx but with animals, "man against beast." The worst part about this was that the animals had not eaten for three days and were hallucinating from the illegal drugs injected into their bloodstream.

There was a citywide alert bulletin broadcasted on the emergency broadcast system to the televisions, but mostly no one in the city noticed the bulletin because everyone was too busy celebrating New Year's Eve. The mayor couldn't be reached at this hour. It was the day of the zoo.

It was a jungle out there. Furious lions and tigers began mawing the public as the voracious animals they were. Animals spread out for blocks, covering all areas of the Bronx near the zoo. People were getting trampled by herds of wild buffalo and bison. Monkeys began climbing the fire escapes of buildings while the gorillas and orangutans pounded on the people hanging outside their buildings. Eagles came crashing through folks' windows as vultures dined on human remains left over by lions and tigers. Baboons attacked at random as black panthers hid in the city trees, awaiting their prey. Black bears, brown bears, and polar bears teamed up as a football team and mowed the people down. People would walk out their buildings and be trampled by antelope and deer zooming by. Many looked out the windows only to find a giraffe looking into their eyes. Wolves ganged up as a pack and left no trace of their victims but bones. Elephants charged at police cars and turned them over, crushing men to death, as horses galloped through the windshields of many. Donkeys just sat there, blocking the traffic, as rhinos and hippos rammed all sort of vehicles. Bobcats went up the number 2 and 5 train stations, attacking people returning to the Bronx from Times Square. Many thought it was the end of the world, and others grabbed guns and shotguns, automatic weapons, knives, etc.—anything they could get a hold of—and started fighting back.

By this time, there were police helicopters, media helicopters, and FBI helicopters all over the Bronx area. Animals rights activists observed people gunning down the animals in cold blood and took to the streets to defend the animals as well as the zookeepers and zoo

employees. A riot broke out in the streets of the Bronx, and at the same time, people were getting killed or injured by this jungle called the Bronx.

The mayor was finally reached and notified of the situation in the Bronx, and he immediately called out the US National Guard and put martial law into effect in the Bronx. Afterward, he contacted the president of the United States in Washington, DC, to report the disaster going on in the Bronx. The president ordered the Pentagon to take charge of the situation in the Bronx.

Meanwhile, people began breaking into storefronts and looting the Tremont and Fordham areas as animals ran past them. The entire police force in the Bronx was involved in stopping the rampage and had no time to arrest the looters. There was just screaming everywhere, gunshots rang out, there were hails of bullets in the air, car horns were beeping, cars were crashing, and there were explosions as well. The master plan had worked, but the guys didn't expect that it would lead to such tragedy and disaster.

The Pentagon ordered hundreds of amphibious helicopters with cages attached to them to secure the runaway zoo as two thousand US Military Marines armed with automatic tranquilizer guns were deployed from a nearby aircraft carrier. The president immediately declared the Bronx a disaster area and ordered the Red Cross to assist the injured.

Meanwhile, Francisco, Bond, George, Roy, Rock, and Frank were down in the tunnel under the zoo, trying to plan their getaway. It was after 1:00 a.m. in the morning, and all the guys heard all night were screams and yells of horror. Francisco called Issy and told him to release the zoo administrator and torch the apartment.

Issy told Mr. Johnson, "You are free to go," and torched the apartment.

Mr. Johnson yelled, "You are insane!" and ran off into the streets, only to face himself with the wolves.

Issy ran out of the blazing apartment and saw Mr. Johnson being attacked by the wolves. Issy couldn't believe what was happening as he looked around the area. People were running, cars were burning, the building that he had set on fire was burning, and animals were

everywhere. All of a sudden, a gorilla grabs him in a bear hug and breaks his back, killing him.

Francisco later tried to call Issy but found no answer. Bond began to panic and hallucinate in the pit and yelled, "You'll never get me," thinking he was in the war again. He jumped out of the tunnel and disappeared into the woods in the zoo.

Francisco was now in command again and had to think of a plan to escape. As for the rest of the guys, they began to realize that there was never an escape plan to begin with and told Francisco that there was no tomorrow as they dashed out of the foxhole. Then they jumped over the Bronx Park South gate as Francisco tagged along. Outside the gates, for the first time, they noticed what this master plan had created—a monster. The police observed the guys jumping over the gate and gave chase as the guys disappeared into the animal circus.

Meanwhile, the two thousand Marines hit the streets and battled it out with the animals, putting them to sleep by tranquilizing them and later placing them in cages attached to amphibious helicopters that airlifted them back into proper zoo cages and proper zoo areas—a task that would cost the city millions of dollars.

For the meantime, the FBI were looking for the responsible parties behind this plot. Many terrorist groups were phoning in and claiming responsibility for this terrorist act, so the FBI didn't know where to begin. Many blamed Mr. Johnson, the zoo administrator who had the keys to the cages. Nevertheless, all hell broke loose. The blame game started. Fingers started pointing, and three fingers started pointing back; it was anybody's game.

During the process of bringing back the animals, the US Marines noticed a light coming out of the ground. They went to inspect the area and removed the hatch Francisco left open, and they discovered the secret hideout the guys dug up, calling it a bunker. Inside they followed a small tunnel, finding all sorts of evidence leading to this federal crime. The FBI were called in to secure the crime scene. Many fingerprints were lifted off the darts found, shovels, picks, water bottles, etc. Most of the guys had police records, so they wouldn't be hard to find. Bond was captured by the Marines in

the woods and taken to the VA Hospital since no fingerprints of him were found on the equipment. The FBI thought he was just a veteran hiding for cover from the animal attacks.

As for Francisco, Rock, Roy, Frank, and George, who were on the run from the police, they were in the spotlight on the list of America's most wanted. They made the top most-wanted men right that hour. Francisco told the guys they would have to split up after getting away from the police. The men agreed and immediately scattered into the crowd. Rock ran down 182nd Street, and a baboon jumped on his back and bit him on his neck, killing him instantly. Frank tried to break into a car, but an owl poked his eyes out, leaving him blind and screaming for help. The crowd running the opposite direction pushed Frank to the ground and trampled him to death.

George ran back to his neighborhood, but word out on the streets was that he and his boys were responsible for letting the animals loose in the hood. So the gang gave George a beatdown like animals and killed him, leaving the vultures to devour his body; it was devastating how people became animals themselves in disasters such as this.

By daybreak, most of the animals were captured, but many smaller animals were still on the loose. Francisco turned himself over to the FBI and confessed his involvement in this evil crime against mankind and the citizens of New York City. The police were so furious with the criminals who did this to the Bronx that when they caught Roy in the early morning hours, they didn't bother to arrest him. They just unloaded their weapons, shooting Roy over fifty times, demonstrating the animals the police have always been in the Bronx.

After it was all over, the Bronx looked as if an earthquake had hit. Francisco was sentenced to life without parole for his part in this crime against humanity. Bond was transferred to the upstate Veteran's Health Administration medical center for years of observation. So it goes to show that drugs bring out the animal in all of us, and in the end, it's always like *the day of the zoo*.

RICARDO CRUZ

August 1, 2008
Operation StampHonorable Raymond W. Kelly
Police Commissioner
1 Police Plaza Room 1400
New York, NY 10038

Attention, Honorable Raymond W. Kelly,

Enclosed is my story of the 9/11 attack on New York City before 9/11 happened: *Day of the Zoo*. The information in this true story is vital, and it is very important that the entire NYPD, "New York's finest," receive a copy of *Day of the Zoo* (01-10P-01A-072: PAU 2-573-338). I authorize in writing that this story be photocopied and given to every member of the New York City Police Department, New York state troopers, NYPD Internal Affairs, etc., to crack down on the crimes written in this post-9/11 story. Honorable Raymond W. Kelly, you have my permission to commence photocopying immediately, and every member of our police force must get this information enclosed. In this story is the key to 9/11—the key to the city! This terrorist plot is the beginning of woes for New York City, so please do not disregard this notice. This is the only way to beat an incident like 9/11! Never forget, "It shall be as the days of Noah." *Day of the Zoo*—this story is my gift to the NYPD for the lives lost in 9/11. The chief of internal affairs was warned months in advance; every honorable George W. Bush, I guess they never receive my story I sent them! But now again I knock at your door with this religious message sent from above. All I can do now is pray this important information is received soon by honorable police commissioner Raymond W. Kelly.

I remain,
Director, OPERATION S.T.O.M.P.
8/1/03

DAY OF THE ZOO

August 1, 2008

I, Ricardo Cruz,

Authorize honorable Raymond W. Kelly, NYPD Police Commissioner, to utilize my story *Day of the Zoo* in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical (including photocopying). I give my permission to use *Day of the Zoo* as a tool to combat police corruption and give my consent to give copies to all New York City's finest, NYPD Internal Affairs, SWAT, the Commission to Combat Police Corruption, the Civilian Complaint Review Board staff, and all the term to prevent another 9/11 attack on the City of New York, so help us God!

I remain,
Director, OPERATION S.T.O.M.P.

RICARDO CRUZ

August 1, 2008

I, Ricardo Cruz,

Authorize Mrs. Sermons, Chucks Carboursh, Lynda Baquero, and all NBGY staff news members to utilize my story *Day of the Zoo* in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical (including photocopying), and I give my consent to give copies of this story to all NBGY news staff in the event of another terrorist attack on New York such as 9/11, so help us God.

I remain,
Director, OPERATION S.T.O.M.P.

DAY OF THE ZOO

August 1, 2008

I, Ricardo Cruz,

Authorize Honorable Michael Bloomberg, mayor of the City of New York, to utilize my story *Day of the Zoo* in any form or by any means, electrical or mechanical (including photocopying), and I give my consent to give copies of this story to all city hall staff, so help us God.

I remain,
Director, OPERATION S.T.O.M.P.

RICARDO CRUZ

August 1, 2008

I, Ricardo Cruz,

Authorize Honorable David Paterson, the governor of New York state, to utilize my story *Day of the Zoo* in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical (including photocopying), and I give my consent to give copies of this story to all NBGY news staff in the event of another terrorist attack on New York such as 9/11, so help us God.

I remain,
Director, OPERATION S.T.O.M.P.

DAY OF THE ZOO

August 1, 2008

I, Ricardo Cruz,

Authorize Honorable George W. Bush to utilize my story *Day of the Zoo* in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical (including photocopying), and I give my consent to give copies of this story to all NBGY news staff in the event of another terrorist attack on New York such as 9/11, so help us God.

I remain,
Director, OPERATION S.T.O.M.P.

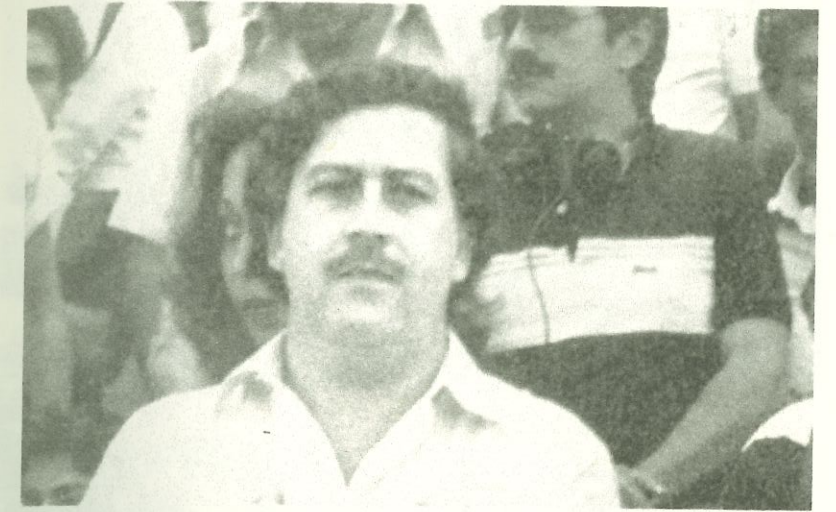
RICARDO CRUZ

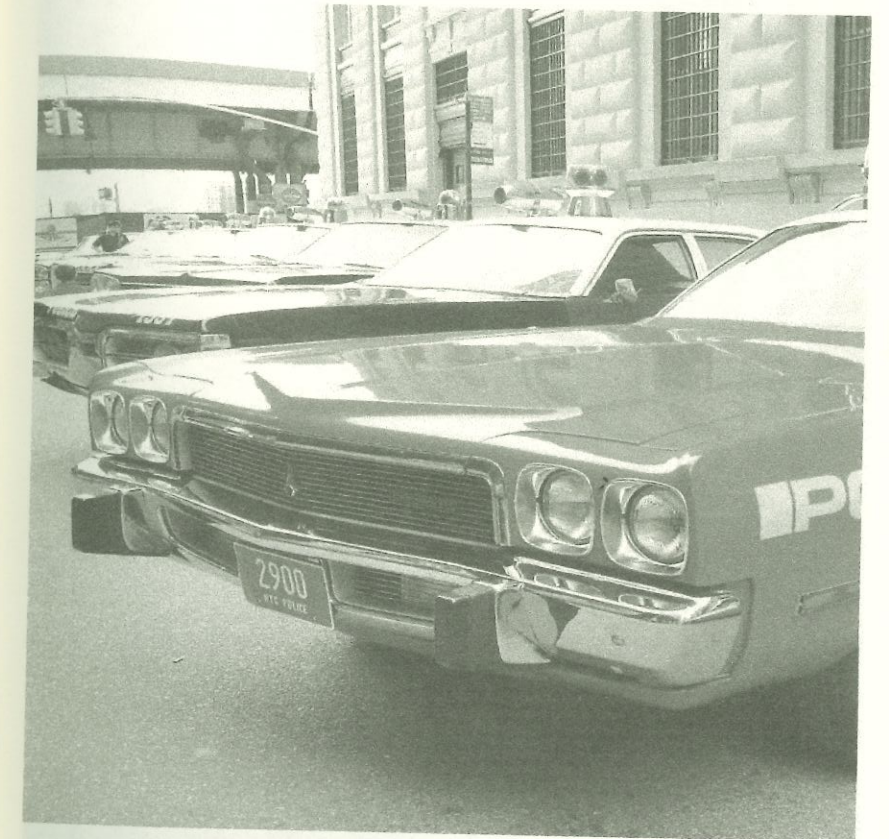
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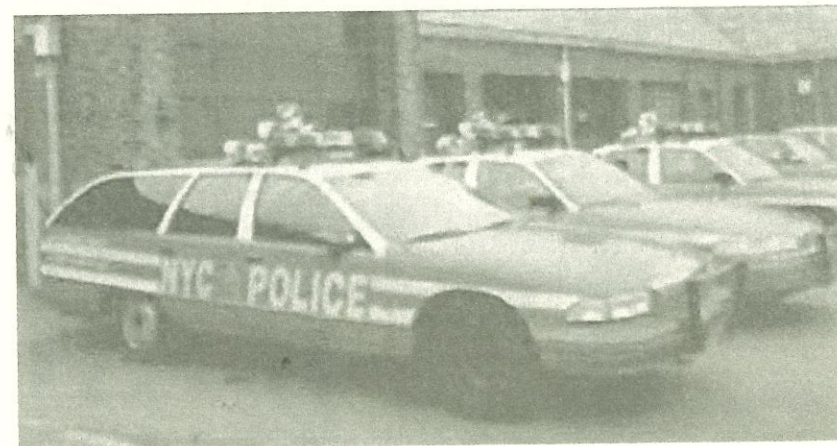
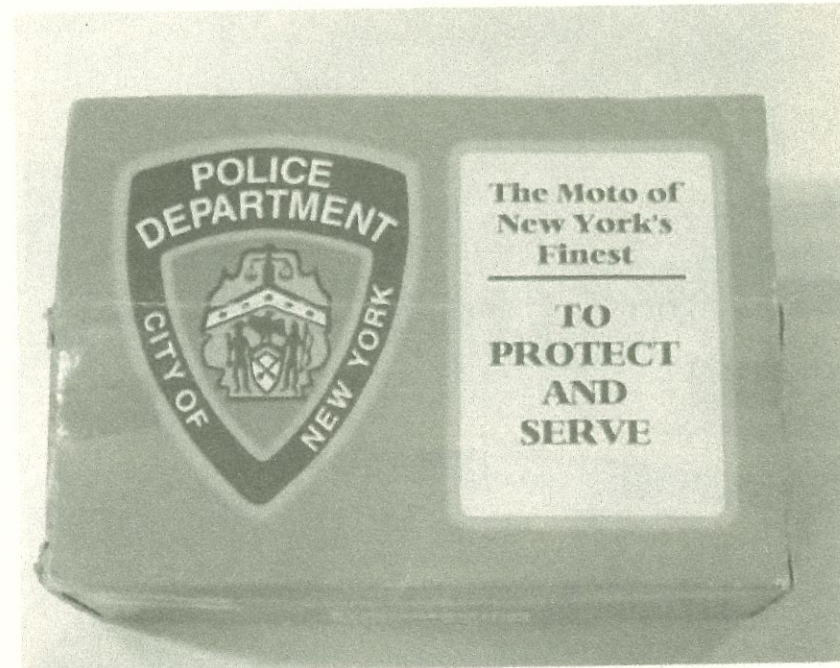
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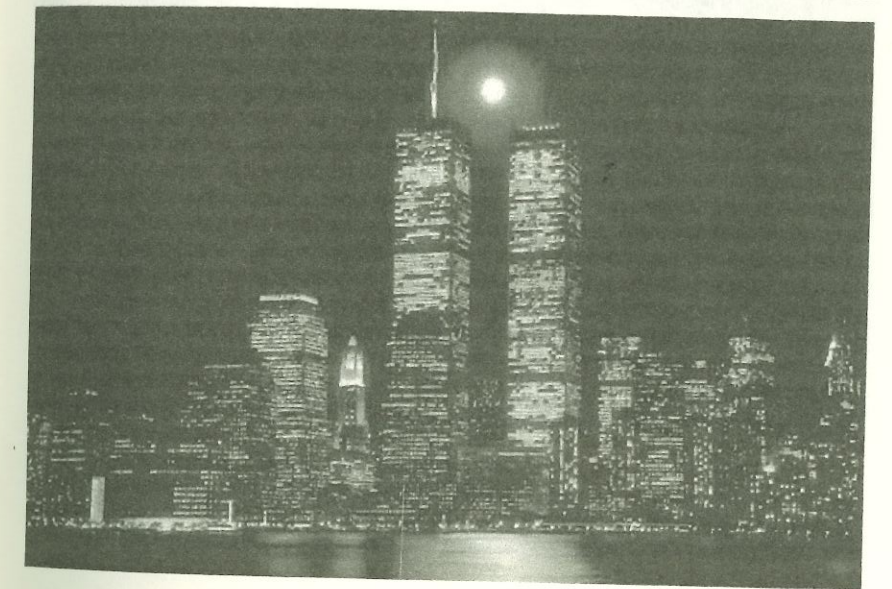
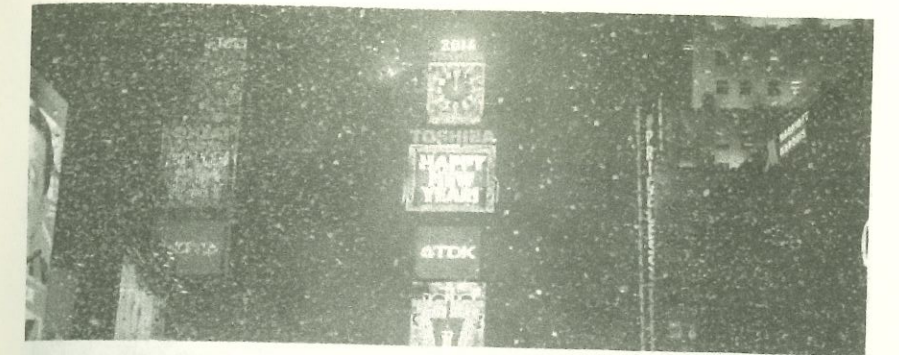
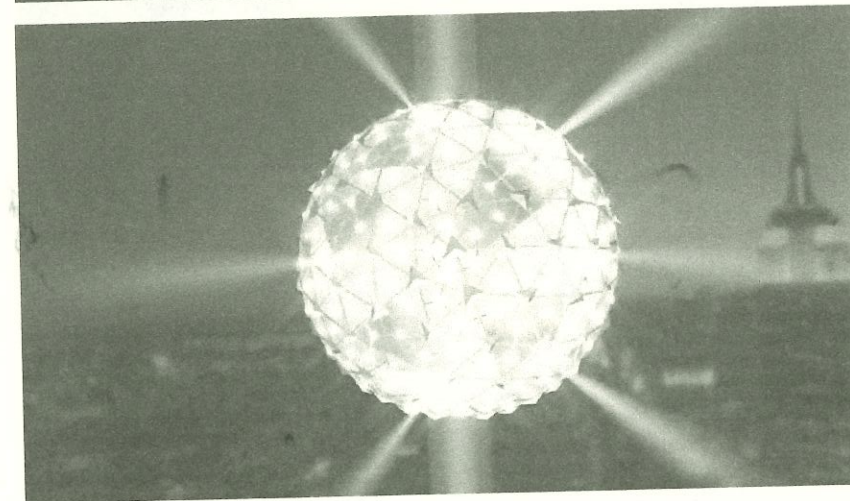
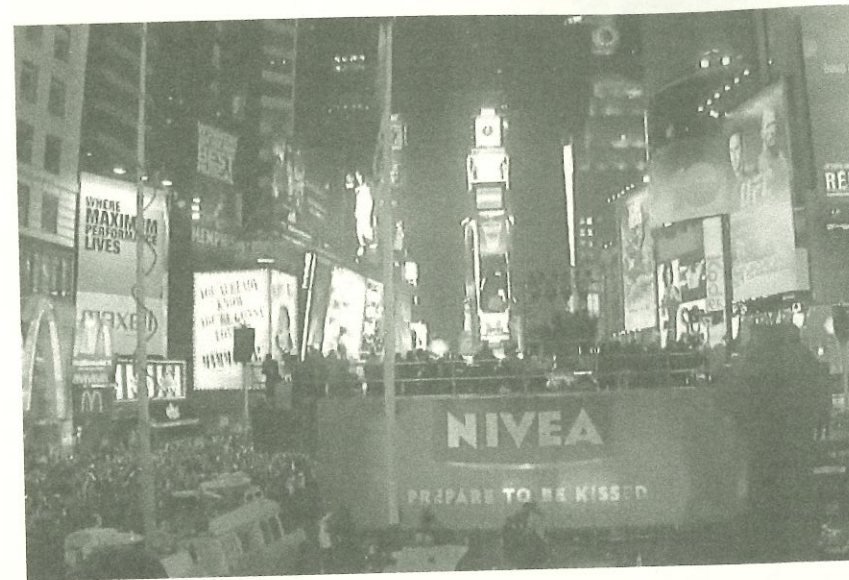
Authorize the NYPD Internal Affairs division at 315 Hudson Street, New York, NY 10013, to utilize my story *Day of the Zoo* in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical (including photocopying), and I give my consent to use *Day of the Zoo* as a tool to combat NYPD police corruption to prevent another 9/11 attack on the City of New York, so help us God.

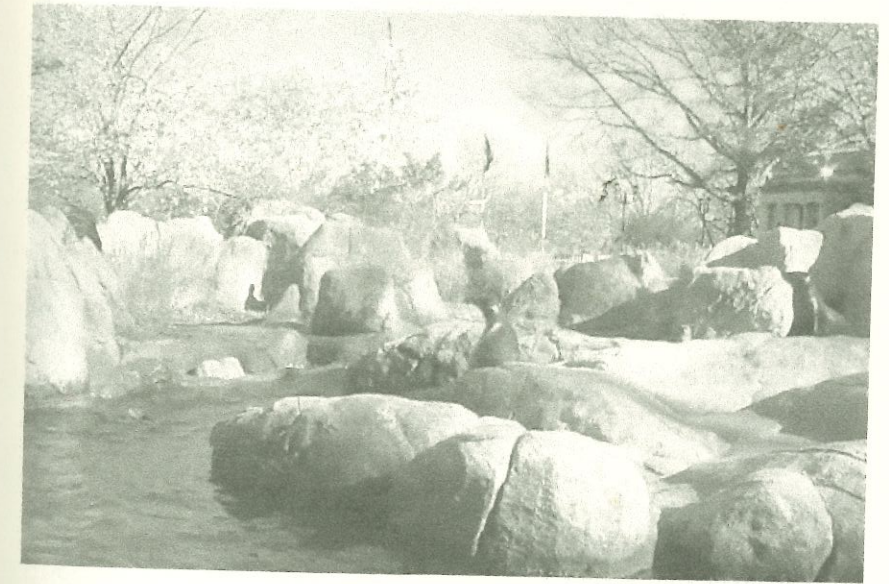
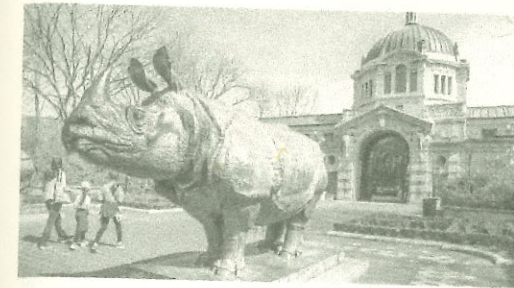
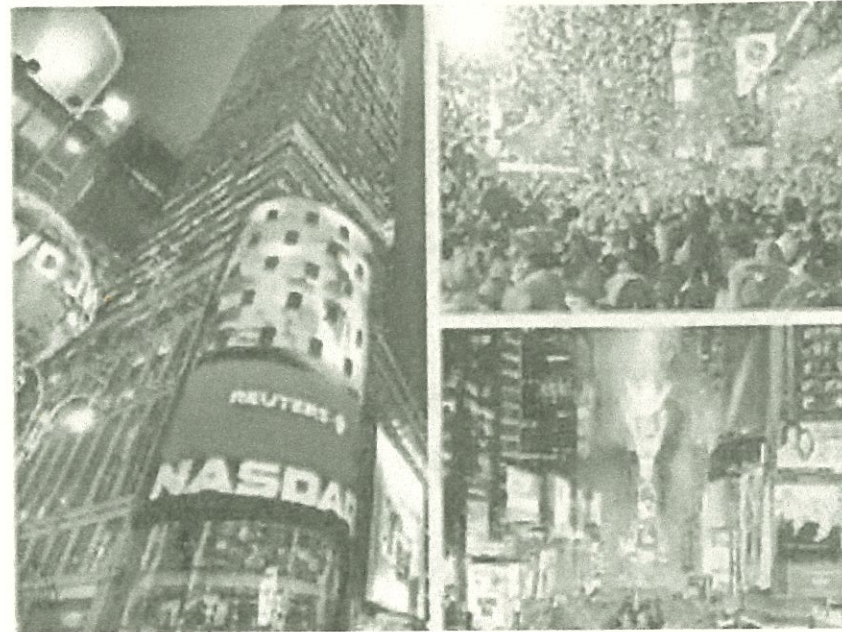
I remain,
Director, OPERATION S.T.O.M.P.

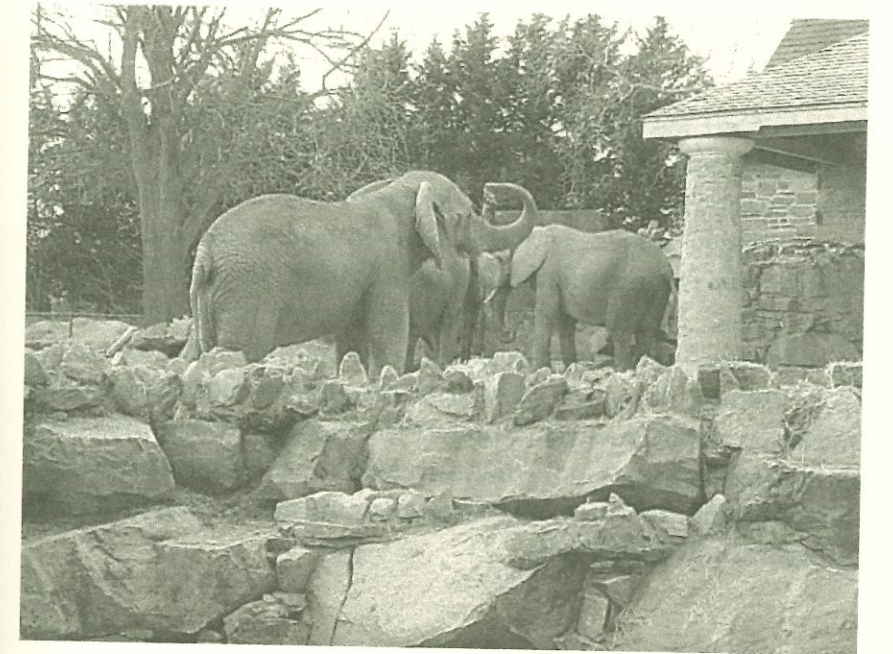
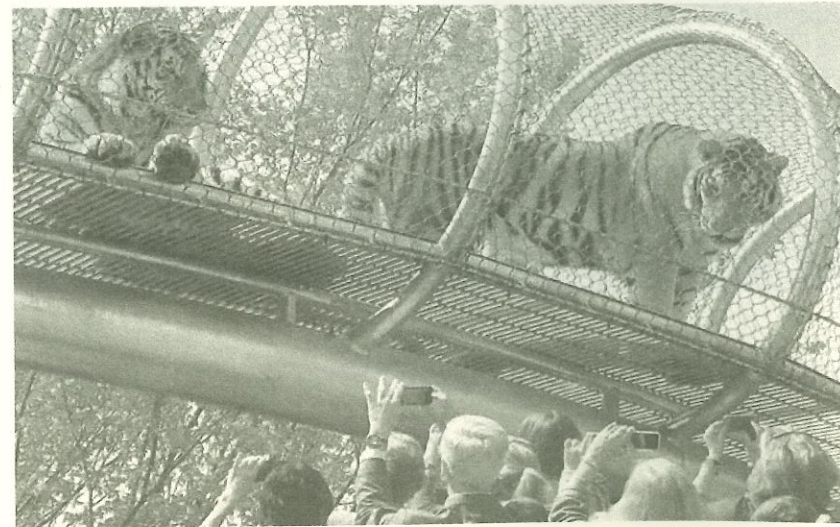












About the Author

Ricardo Cruz was born on Feb. 21, 1961, in the Bronx, New York, 10460. He join the United States Navy in high school in Puerto Rico (Luz America Calderon) at the age of seventeen and a half. He was a bilingual student with the ability to read, write, and translate Spanish into English and English into Spanish. In the US Navy, he was a "snipe." He was a propulsion engineer, top watch, in the Sixth Fleet. He has had the knowledge of how to control warships since the age of twenty. *Day of the Zoo* is half true and half fictional, and the names have been changed to protect the innocent. *Day of the Zoo* is an inspiration from God, who instructed me on what to write one early morning, and then 9/11 happened; my date in *Day of the Zoo* for terrorism is 12/31/2001.

Day of the Zoo exposes the evil corruption between law and order and how the police are animals with handling the public. They treat the public with brutality like enraged animals in a zoo. This leads to civil unrest and leads the criminal minds to homeland terrorism, with no comfort for the victims of police misconduct and abuse of power within the ranks of the NYPD. This then leads to the birth of homegrown terrorists in the Bronx, New York.

